

SCREENLAND

April

15¢

Susan
Hayward

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HOW
TO
WRITE
FAN LETTERS
TO THE
STARS AND
GET RESULTS!

MAR 25 1946

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HONEYMOON



Loveliness

CAN BE YOURS TONIGHT

You—at your peak of charm.
You in his arms! You with petal-soft
skin—so excitingly fragrant—a vision
of loveliness to win romance...and
hold it. Never, never lose this magic!



ASK
FOR THE
BOX WITH
THE BUBBLE



At Better Toiletry Counters
Everywhere

FOAMING BATH

Sachet

Tonight—every night—revel in a sea
of billowing, fragrant foam that *floats* fatigue
away as it caresses your skin. Step forth
aglow—alive—with the freshness of a dew-
drenched flower. Five floral scents
(25 luxurious baths) in every package.

ROBERT H CLARK COMPANY • BEVERLY HILLS • CALIFORNIA

"April Fool?"



CUPID: Ah...! A joke, huh? Plain girl gets candy from unknown suitor. But it's not candy and there's no suitor. Very funny!

GIRL: All right. *Laugh* then.

CUPID: *Me?* Excuse it, but to me it's not funny, honey. But it *should* remind you that maybe there'd be real candy and a real suitor if you'd just laugh once in a while. Smile at people! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Cupid, my pet, with my dull teeth I couldn't even glimmer! I brush 'em, but—Well...

CUPID: Mmmm? Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

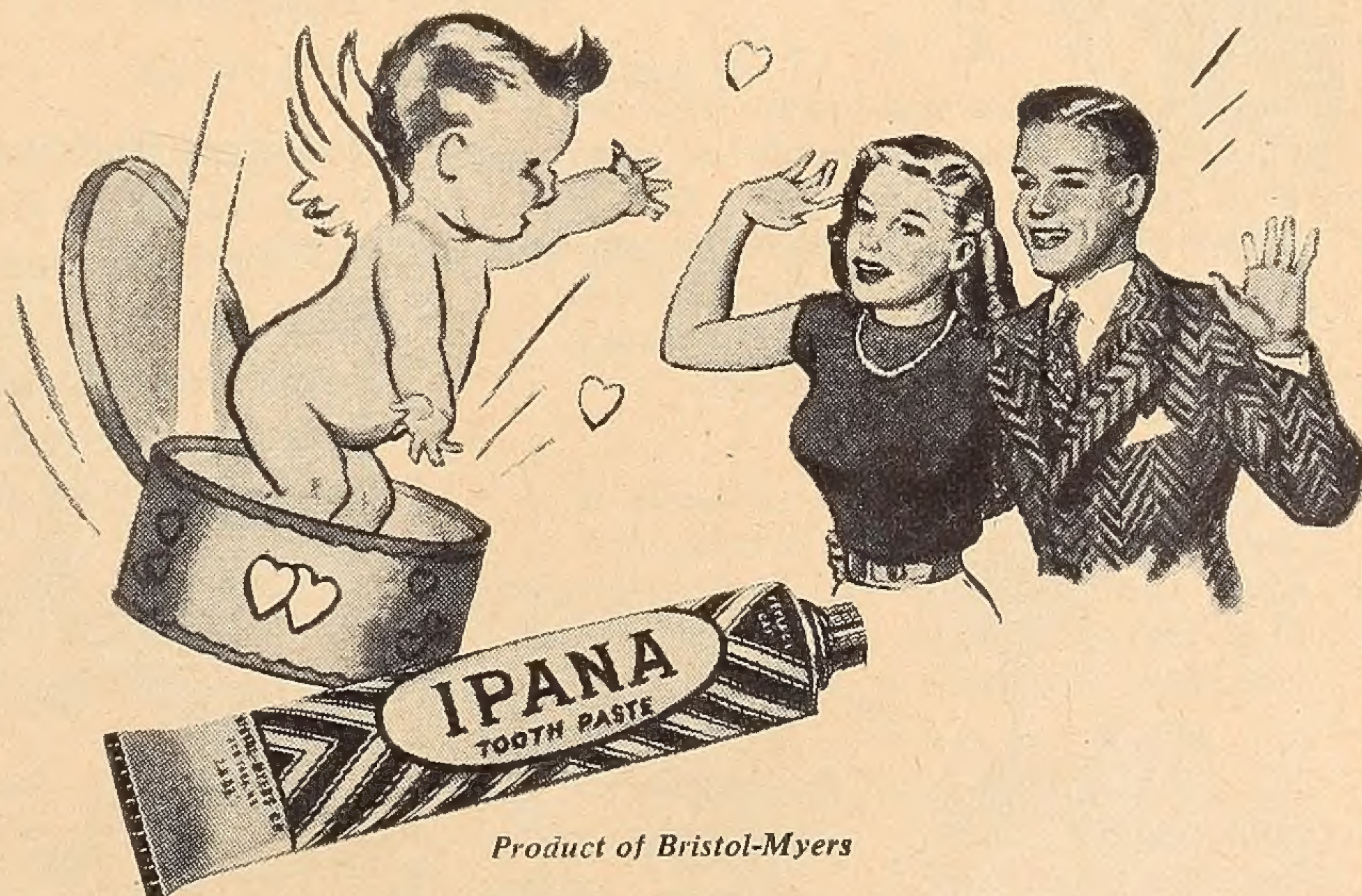
GIRL: And what if I have?

CUPID: What if I have, she says! Listen, you marshmallow-minded little idiot! That "pink's" a warning to see your dentist! He may find soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: And right away I start glittering like diamonds, huh? People have to wear dark glasses. I get—

CUPID: Quiet, Woman! And listen. A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. You'll be helping yourself to healthier gums, sounder teeth... and a prettier smile than you ever wore in your life! Now get started!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!



Several years ago, a great novel blazed its way into America's consciousness—James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice". It was dialogue like this that held you: "I love you, Cora. But love, when you get fear in it, isn't love any more. It's hate!"

At the time, many of us hoped it would be made into a motion picture. But the general opinion was: "Too daring... too shocking..." Remember this scene: "Tomorrow night, if I come back, there'll be kisses... lovely ones, Frank! Kisses with dreams in them..."

Recently, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announced that it had produced "The Postman Always Rings Twice", starring Lana Turner and John Garfield. And everyone wondered how M-G-M would handle the more audacious scenes, like this one: "We had all that love out there, that night... and we kissed and sealed it so it would be ours forever!"



Well, we have just seen the picture—and Lana Turner is breathtakingly beautiful as the temptress who is swept away by a love she can't deny. John Garfield, more vital than ever, turns in a masterful performance as the reckless young wanderer who wanted love more than he wanted life.

Together, as Cora and Frank, they create one of the most memorable romances ever brought to the screen. And to match this great acting, there is a truly fine supporting cast including Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, Leon Ames, Audrey Totter, and Alan Reed.

Congratulations are most certainly in order for Director Tay Garnett, Producer Carey Wilson, and Screenplaymen Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch.

Whether the Postman rings once, or the Postman rings twice, M-G-M has certainly rung the bell with this one.

—Lea



SCREENLAND

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Cover Portrait of SUSAN HAYWARD, starring in Universal's "Canyon Passage." Color Photo by Ray Jones

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SCREENLAND

The greatest stars
on the screen!
The most beautiful
girls in the world!
In the musical
of musicals!

M.G.M.'s
Ziegfeld
Follies
OF 1946
IN TECHNICOLOR

starring
FRED ASTAIRE
LUCILLE BALL
LUCILLE BREMER
FANNY BRICE
JUDY GARLAND
KATHRYN GRAYSON
LENA HORNE
GENE KELLY
JAMES MELTON
VICTOR MOORE
RED SKELTON
ESTHER WILLIAMS
and
WILLIAM POWELL
with
EDWARD ARNOLD
MARION BELL
BUNIN'S PUPPETS
CYD CHARISSE
HUME CRONYN
WILLIAM FRAWLEY
ROBERT LEWIS
VIRGINIA O'BRIEN
KEENAN WYNN
DIRECTED BY VINCENTE MINNELLI
PRODUCED BY ARTHUR FREED
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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OFFER!**

Fans! Four pictures of "Ziegfeld Follies" Girls by Petty — in 8"x10" pin-up size and in full color — can be yours for only 25¢! Use coupon below — and use it fast — for supply is limited!

M.G.M., BOX 942, Grand Central Annex
New York 17, N.Y.

Please send me full-color pin-up pictures
of the famous "Ziegfeld Follies" Girls by
Petty as advertised.

I enclose 25¢ for all four.

Name

Address

City.....Zone.....State.....



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beautifully
free you feel**

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Millions of women are now using Tampax and feeling "beautifully free" every month. Why shouldn't *you* be one of them? You can buy Tampax at any drug store or notion counter. A whole month's supply fits into your purse. Comes in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

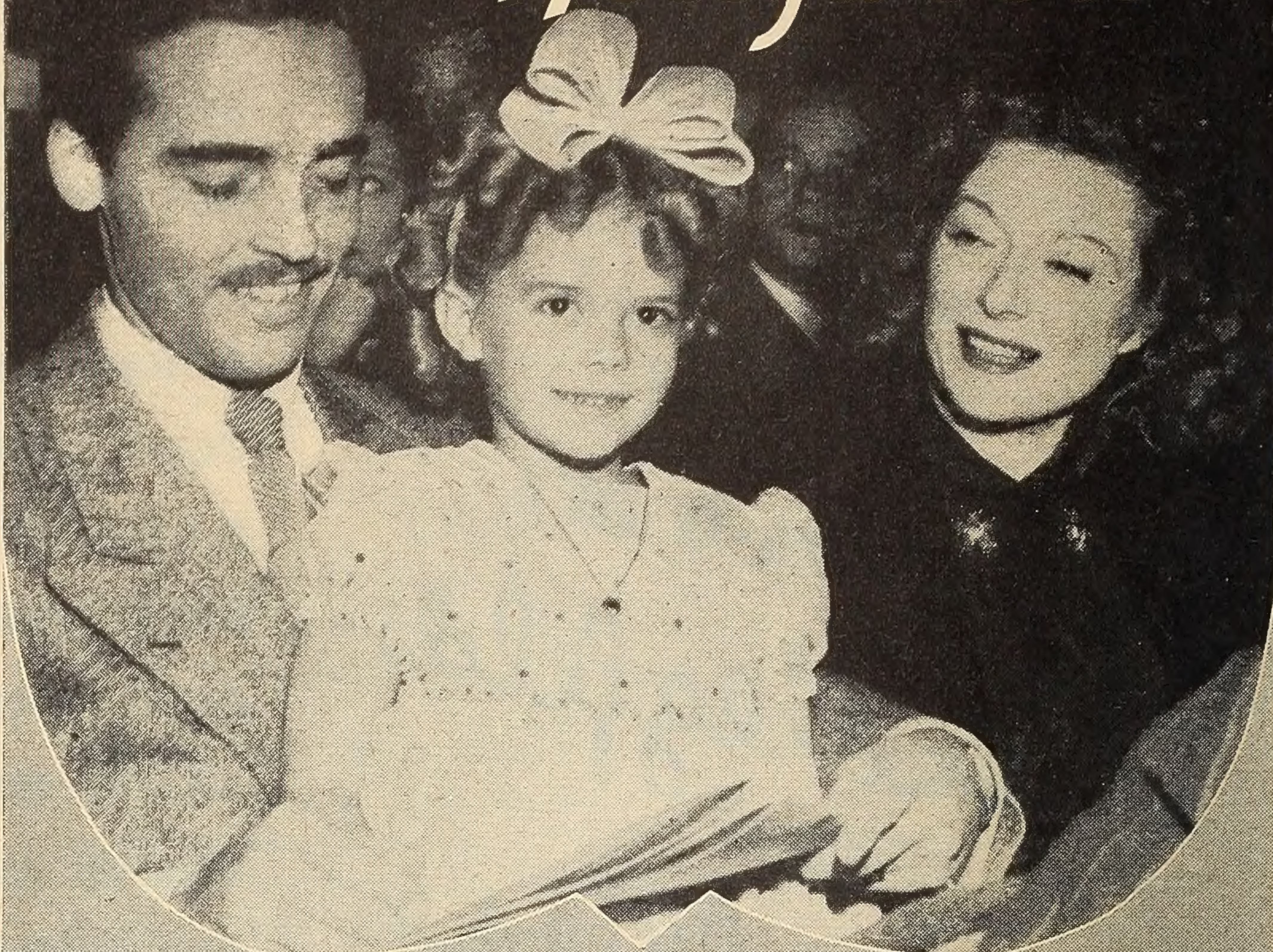
**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

3 absorbencies { **REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR**



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Hot from Hollywood



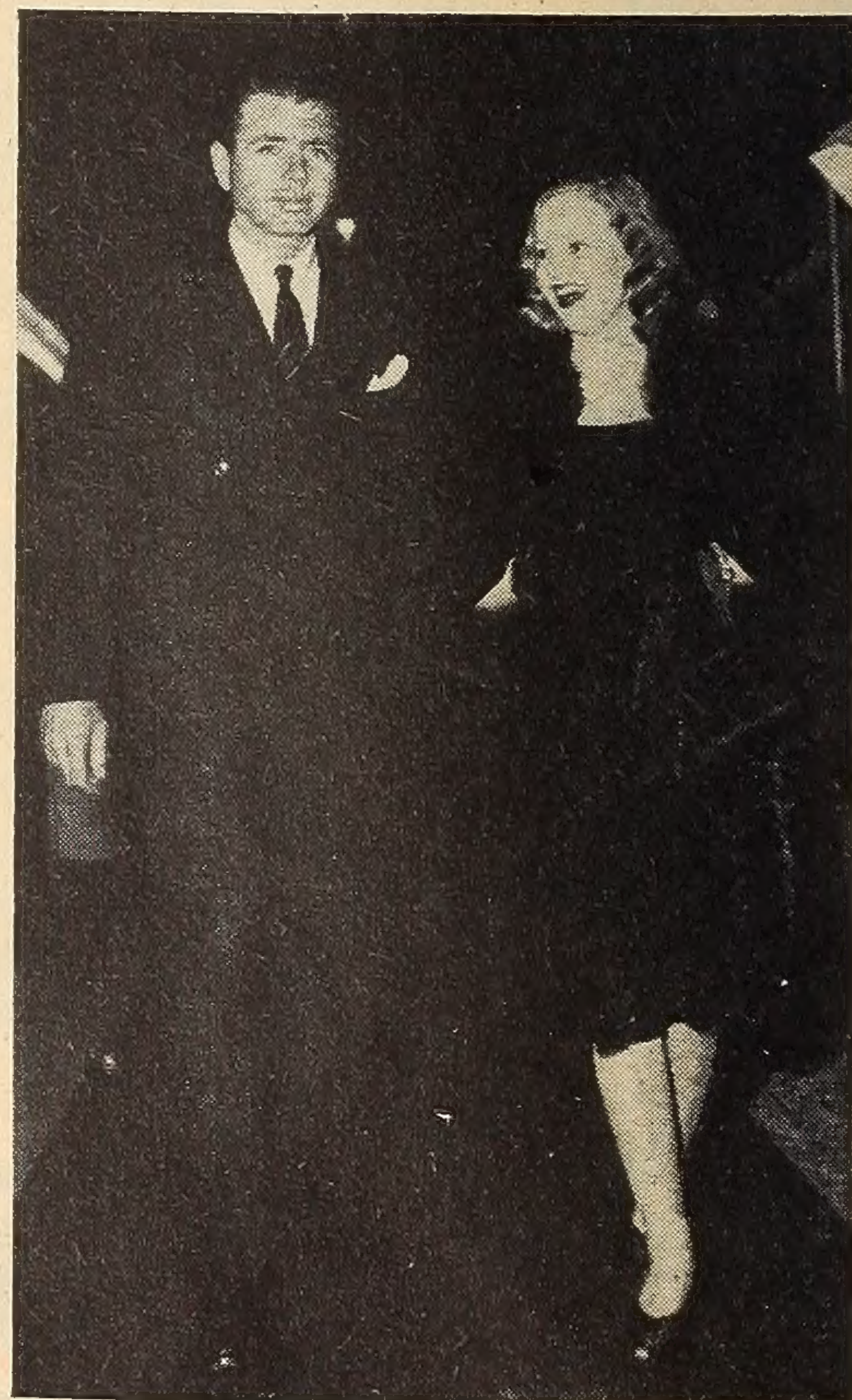
Exclusive photo shows Richard Ney and Greer Garson giving their autographs to Natalie Wood at opening of "Tomorrow Is Forever."

JUST before she left on a tour of the South American countries, Lana Turner agreed to have fittings with Irene on costumes that *may* be worn in "Lucky Baldwin." She agreed to play opposite Clark Gable if certain revisions were made in the script. They're going to have all the costumes in readiness, as well as the revised script, waiting to greet Lana upon her return. Lined up at the airport to tell her goodbye were Bob Hutton, Greg Bautzer and Rory Calhoun.

IT'S getting so a guy can't give a gal a few pearshaped diamonds without some old meanie starting a rumor they are married! That's what happened when Steve Hannagan presented Ann Sheridan with a ring, necklace and earrings. Annie says they ain't hitched and she should know. Incidentally, when she starts "The Sentence," Kent Smith gets the lead because La Sheridan okayed him out of twenty tests made by other actors. Kent is slated to do one picture a year for Warner Bros., who now share his contract with RKO.

AT A Hollywood party, Cary Grant stayed on and on until he was practically the last guest to leave. The hostess was naturally flattered, but also curious. Cary relieved her mind. "I just hate going home alone to an empty house," he said. "I'm used to being married. I don't like being a bachelor." No, girls, you're *not* dreaming. We're telling you the truth!

GOOD news for all you Lew Ayres fans. He's returning to the screen opposite the popular Olivia DeHavilland in "The Dark Mirror." Lew, instead of sending flowers to girl friends or the previous evening's hostess, sends a copy of "Anatomy of Peace," a subject still very close to Lew's idealistic heart.



Bob Landry and Peggy Cummins, who may be his wife by the time you read this. "They" say she'll play the coveted rôle of Amber.

GET OUT FROM BEHIND THAT
BRUSH, BOYS...WE KNOW YA!

Bing Crosby Bob Hope Dorothy Lamour



They haven't got a cough drop to their
name . . . but they're loaded with
riotous entertainment in the latest and
greatest "Road" Show of them all.



in Paramount's

"ROAD TO UTOPIA"

Produced by
PAUL JONES
Directed by
HAL WALKER
Original Screen
Play by Norman
Panama and
Melvin Frank,

Bing sings 'em! Dottie sings 'em! Pretty soon
everybody'll be singing 'em! "Personality"
"Put It There, Pal" • "Welcome To My Dream"
and many more.

"I REFUSED to look old at 23!"

Young mother, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., loses 53 pounds!

To see Kathryn Folts now—a slim, typical southern beauty, you'd never think she weighed 175 a few months ago. "I looked and felt old at 23," she says, "and couldn't seem to lose. Then my doctor recommended the DuBarry Success Course. In three months, I lost 45 pounds; I kept on till I lost 53—went from a 38 or 40 dress to a size 14!



Before



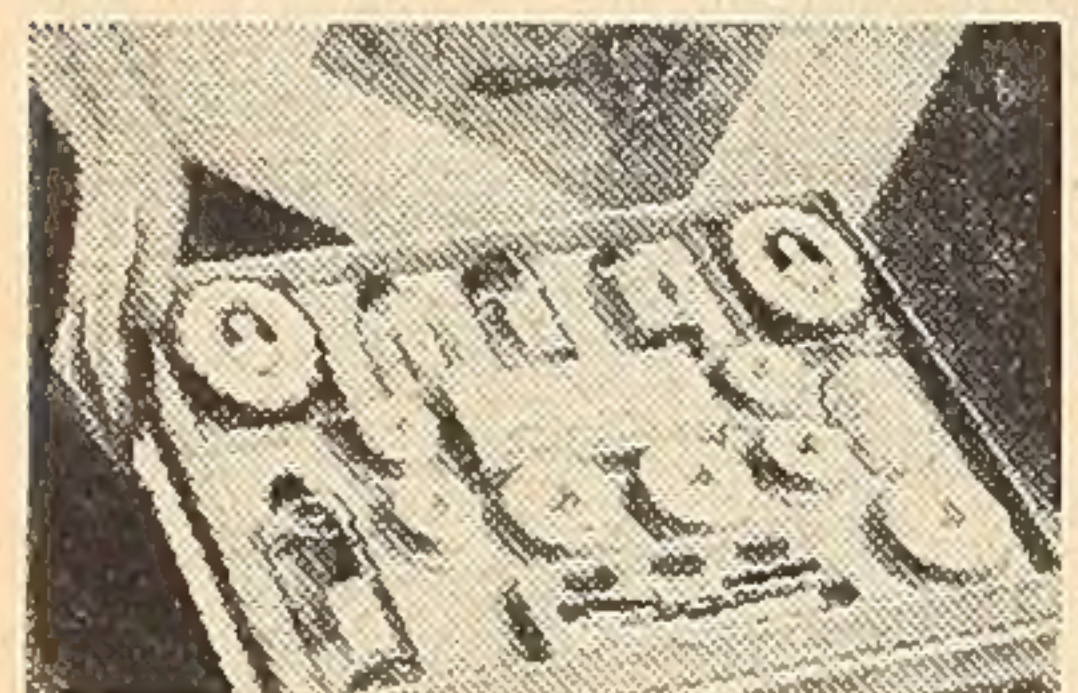
After

HEIGHT
(After)
5' 4 1/2"
LOST
53 Pounds
WAIST
7" Less
ABDOMEN
12 1/2" Less
HIPS
11" Less

"What a thrill to look at my new figure in a mirror, now!" says Mrs. Folts. "The Success Course showed me how to have a good posture, a radiant complexion, a becoming hair-do; but most important of all, I feel better than ever before! How right my doctor was when he told me the Course was written in a way that makes you like doing what it says. I'm not ever going to stop it—it is wonderful."

HOW ABOUT YOU! Are you satisfied with the way you look and feel? Have you the vitality to live a full life? The DuBarry Success Course analyzes your needs, shows you how to achieve your ideal weight, care for your skin and hair, use make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Send the coupon for full information.



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DuBarry Success Course
ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON

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New York, N. Y.

Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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Zone No.,

if any

State

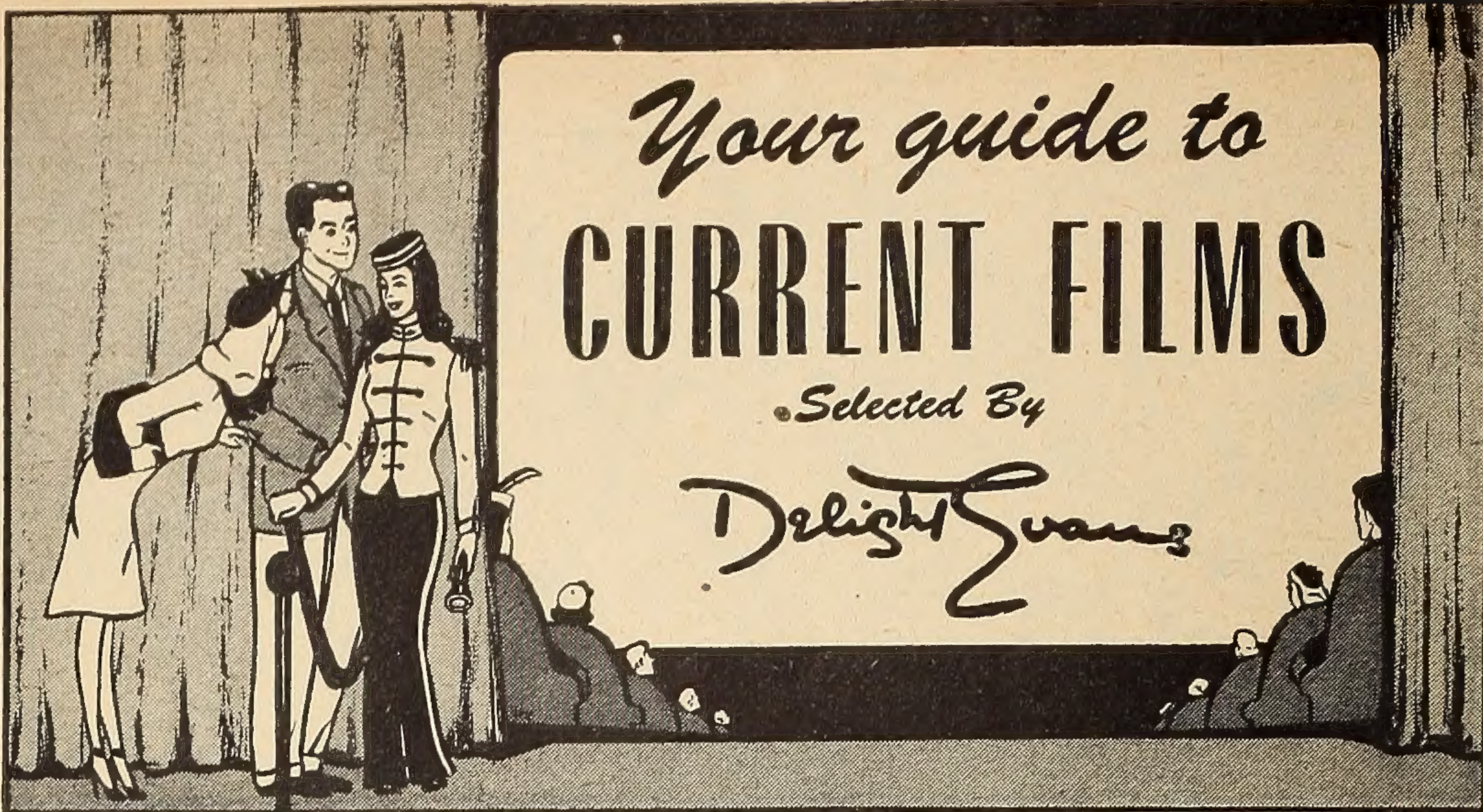
Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association



Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans



ADVENTURE—MGM

Clark Gable has been handed the zestiest, rowdiest rôle in his screen history for his comeback film, the story of a love-'em-and-leave-'em Merchant Marine you'll just love to see tamed by the gorgeous, erudite librarian, Greer Garson. Yes, the story's familiar, but nevertheless offers an engrossing conflict of philosophies on the co-stars' part and also a thought-provoking treatise on a sailor's lost soul. It's a part into which Thomas Mitchell really sinks his teeth. Joan Blondell does an expert job of the librarian's pal who acts like a floozie but isn't, and Lina Romay shows her dramatic talents as one of the bos'n's girl friends who eagerly awaits his return.

THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE—RKO

This thriller-chiller sets your spine to tingling in the very first sequence with the murder of a cripple, establishing the clue that the murderer, despising abnormalities, is out to rid the whole town of imperfections. Dorothy McGuire, cast as a winsome servant girl who has lost her voice through a childhood shock, doesn't speak until the final scene, but her expressions are eloquent. Ethel Barrymore gives an excellent performance as the invalid mother of two weakling sons, a college professor played by George Brent, and a smirking ne'er-do-well (Gordon Oliver), Kent Smith and Rhonda Fleming help make this exciting film fare.

SCARLET STREET—Universal

A set of the most unprincipled characters we've ever seen runs the gamut of sin in this version of the noted French film, leaving you with a righteous acknowledgment that they all got what they deserved. Edward G. Robinson comes closest to being an admirable character in the rôle of a henpecked cashier with a talent for modernistic art, but he falls in love with a predatory gal (Joan Bennett) whose no-good boy-friend (Dan Duryea) sells his paintings. Stealing, lying, cheating—these are just a few of the milder sins which lead to murder. The stars' performances are top-notch, and in supporting cast Margaret Lindsay's is outstanding.

TARS AND SPARS—Columbia

A thoroughly enjoyable musical has been built around the U.S. Coast Guard's own show of a few years ago. 'Tis true the story is negligible, but it never gets in the way of the fine array of talent: Alfred Drake of New York's hit musical, "Oklahoma"; Marc Platt, also from the Broadway stage; movies' sweet and charming Janet Blair, and a new performer, Sid Caesar, who practically runs away with the whole show with his nonsensical antics and fast-talking routines, which are very much like Danny Kaye's. Drake's excellent voice does wonders with two top tunes you'll be singing, and Platt of the nimble legs fascinates in several ballet numbers.

BECAUSE OF HIM—Universal

There's a happy blend of drama and music for Deanna Durbin in her latest opus. As a stage-struck young damsel she sings three songs, "Lover," Tosti's "Good-bye," and "Danny Boy," in her best operatic soprano, and has a fine time keeping in stride with the satiric ham-acting of Charles Laughton, playing an eminent Shakespearean actor. In fact, the whole story has a subtle overtone of fun-poking at the temperamental inconsistencies of thespians. Franchot Tone presents his share of histrionics as the playwright-director who is dead set against the star's choice for leading lady. Helen Broderick chimes in with fine comedy, too.





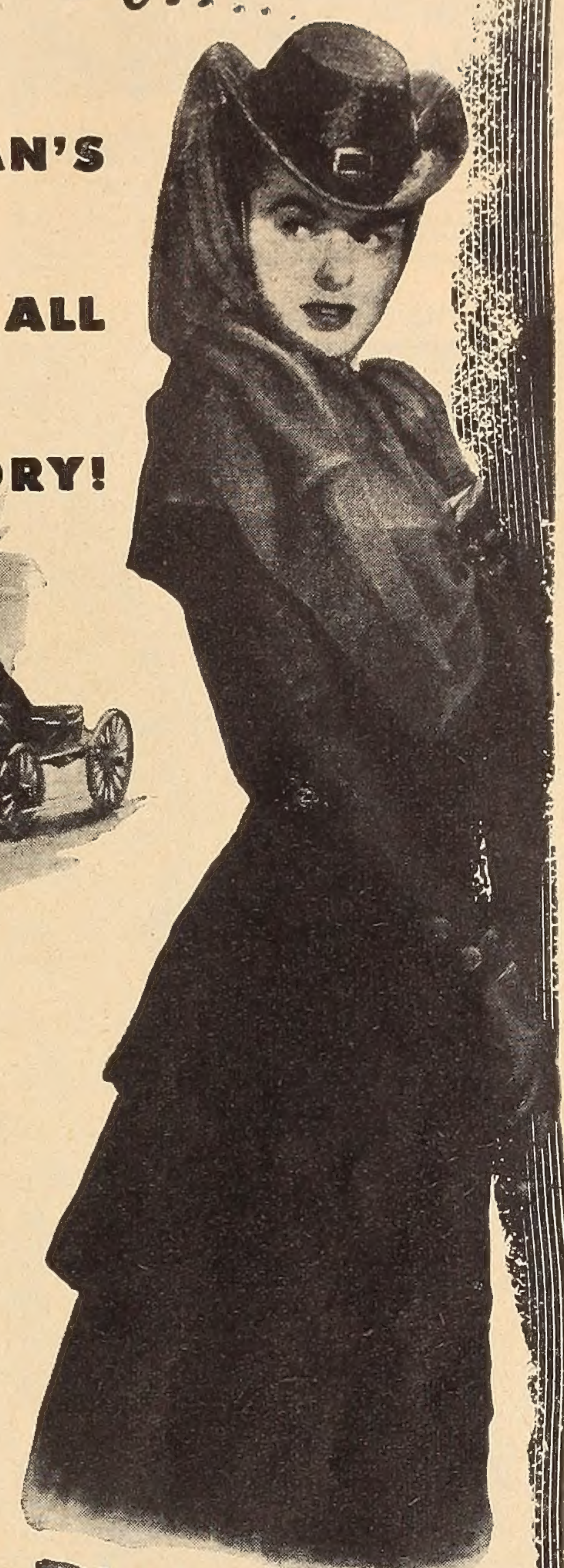
A kiss like theirs...

ONCE IN EVERY WOMAN'S

LIFETIME - A PICTURE LIKE THIS ... ONCE IN ALL



SCREEN HISTORY!



GARY COOPER
AS 'WHITE HAT,' THE MAGNIFICENT GAMBLER

INGRID BERGMAN
AS HIS CLIO OF NEW ORLEANS

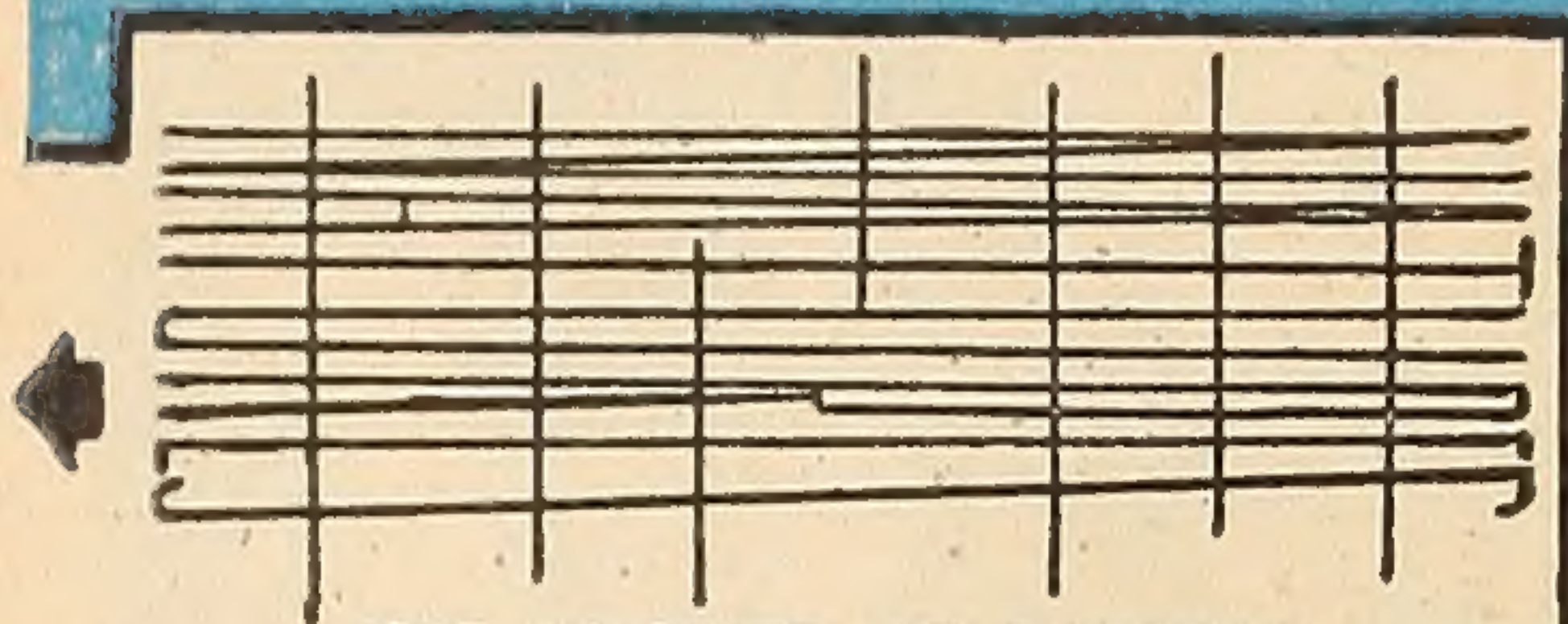
SARATOGA TRUNK

EDNA FERBER'S STORY OF STORIES FROM **WARNERS!**

WITH **FLORA ROBSON · HAL B. WALLIS** PRODUCTION · DIRECTED BY **SAM WOOD**

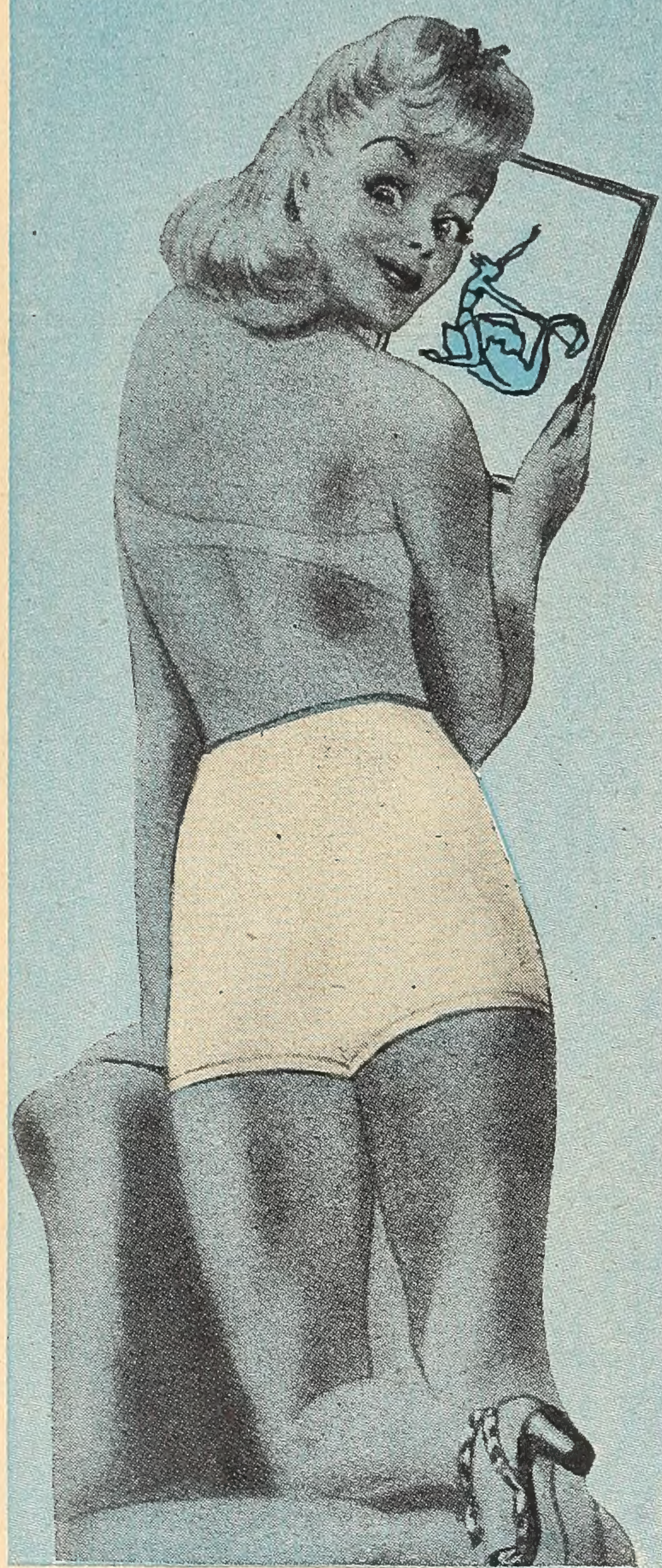
Screen Play by Casey Robinson
From the Novel by Edna Ferber
Music by Max Steiner

Blue Swan QUIZ WHAT'S THIS?



(SEE ANSWER AT BOTTOM)

WHAT'S THIS?



**THE TRADEMARK THAT MEANS
THE FINEST IN UNDIES!**

No need to guess... look for the famous Blue Swan Undies... in whispery soft fabrics cleverly styled to fit and flatter.



Blue Swan Mills, Inc.

EMPIRE STATE BLDG.
NEW YORK

THAT'S "NATURE'S" SPELLED SIDWAYS.
HOLD AT EYE LEVEL WITH ARROW
POINTING TOWARD YOU SEE IT!



THE SAILOR TAKES A WIFE—MGM

The fact that this story is a trifle dated should not deter you from seeing this film. The performances of the cast leave you feeling entirely satisfied. Robert Walker again proves himself a grand comedian as the sailor who weds a canteen worker, the lovely, appealing June Allyson, within six hours after he meets her. Their marital trials and tribulations are personified by Audrey Totter, an exotic refugee with whom the husband gets mixed up after his unexpected discharge from the service, and Hume Cronyn, the wife's ex-boss who still totes a torch for her. It's all very gay and romantic with grand touches of hilarious comedy by Reginald Owen and Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, and a happily-ever-after ending.



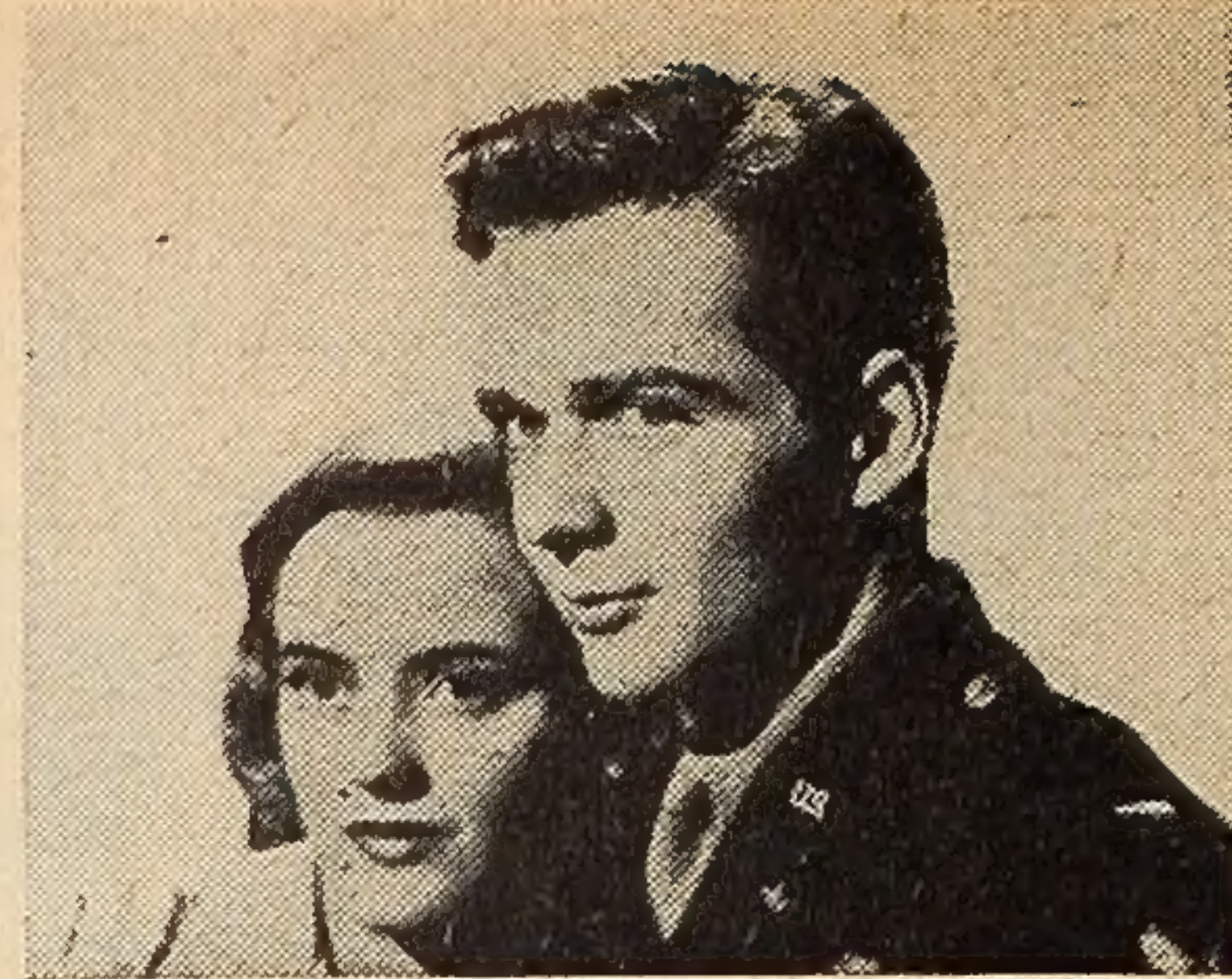
BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD—United Artists

Robert S. Golden's production, based on the radio program of the same name, doesn't pretend to be anything but just warmly human. Without the benefit of trumped-up dramatics, it shows you Tom Breneman, as himself and as he is on the air, wearing silly hats, propounding corny gags, and being generally genial. The plot, a composite of everyday incidents which might even happen to you, is flimsy, but that doesn't detract from the appealing whole. It has Andy Russell as a guest star; Hedda Hopper, Billie Burke and Zasu Pitts for more comedy, while Bonita Granville and Eddie Ryan capably handle the young romance.



ABILENE TOWN—United Artists

Homesteaders and cattle ranchers provide plenty of action in Jules Levey's spectacular Western production, set in Abilene, Kansas, railroad terminal for shipping cattle east, and the end of the road for wandering populace in the decade after the Civil War. Their natural antipathy snowballs until it becomes a knotty problem for our hero, the town's marshal, Randolph Scott, who furnishes suspense time and again when he walks coolly and calmly in the face of death. Stampedes and brawls, too, add their share of excitement. Ann Dvorak is colorful as a barroom queen and sings some rather modern songs for that era. Rhonda Fleming and Lloyd Bridges add more romance and Edgar Buchanan scores as a reluctant sheriff.



SHOCK—20th Century-Fox

Murder enters the psychiatric field in this version of Albert deMond's story, and will leave you with the shivers and shakes, so well is it enacted by its stars, Vincent Price and Lynn Bari, who also play the officiating menace and his accomplice. Suspense strikes hard when he finds his patient, played by Anabel Shaw, in a state of amnesia-shock because she has witnessed the cold-blooded killing of his wife. When his efforts to keep her in a convenient state of forgetfulness by the use of drugs and hypnosis prove unsuccessful, he decides to eliminate her, too. But his conscience takes an upper hand and she's saved in the nick of time—for her good-looking Army husband (that nice Frank Latimore, who's going places!)



A GUY COULD CHANGE—Republic

The story about the man who forsakes his baby daughter because he believes if it wasn't for her his wife would have lived, has made appealing film fare before, but this time it doesn't quite come off. The rôle of the neglected daughter proves a little too difficult for Twinkle Watts, a talented skater and bowler, making her film debut, but she is given only one small scene to show her prowess as the latter. Allan Lane and Jane Frazee, as the father and his girl friend, struggle admirably under stiff dialogue that seldom sounds real. Mary Treen and Wallace Ford give one of those bossy wife and lazy husband routines.



BEHIND GREEN LIGHTS—20th Century-Fox

Skullduggery in politics behind the workings of an honest police department, involving the daughter of the reform candidate for mayor in a blackmailer's murder, adds up to plenty of plot, but the enacting of it doesn't always reach a logical conclusion. William Gargan gives a good performance as the cop wavering between plugging away at the same old job or taking advantage of a dishonest promotion. Carole Landis, as the murder suspect, hasn't been given much to do, spending most of her time waiting around in offices, but proves she's worthy of better material. Richard Crane does a fine job of the cub reporter, and Mabel Paige contributes one of her colorful old hag performances.

*"To
which
man
do I
belong?"*

*The love story
that will live
with you
today
tomorrow
and forever!*

INTERNATIONAL PICTURES presents
CLAUDETTE
COLBERT • WELLES
GEORGE
BRENT

in
**"TOMORROW
IS FOREVER"**

THE GREAT DRAMA OF OUR TIME
with

Lucile Watson • Richard Long • Natalie Wood
Joyce MacKenzie

Directed by **IRVING PICHEL** • Produced by David Lewis
Novel and Ladies' Home Journal Story by Gwen Bristow
Screenplay by Lenore Coffee • Music by Max Steiner

An INTERNATIONAL PICTURE • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

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Greaseless Suppository Gives Hours of Continuous Medication Easier, Daintier, More Convenient

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Zonitors actually *destroy* offending odor. Help guard against infection. They *kill* every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract BUT YOU CAN BE SURE that Zonitors *immediately* kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying.

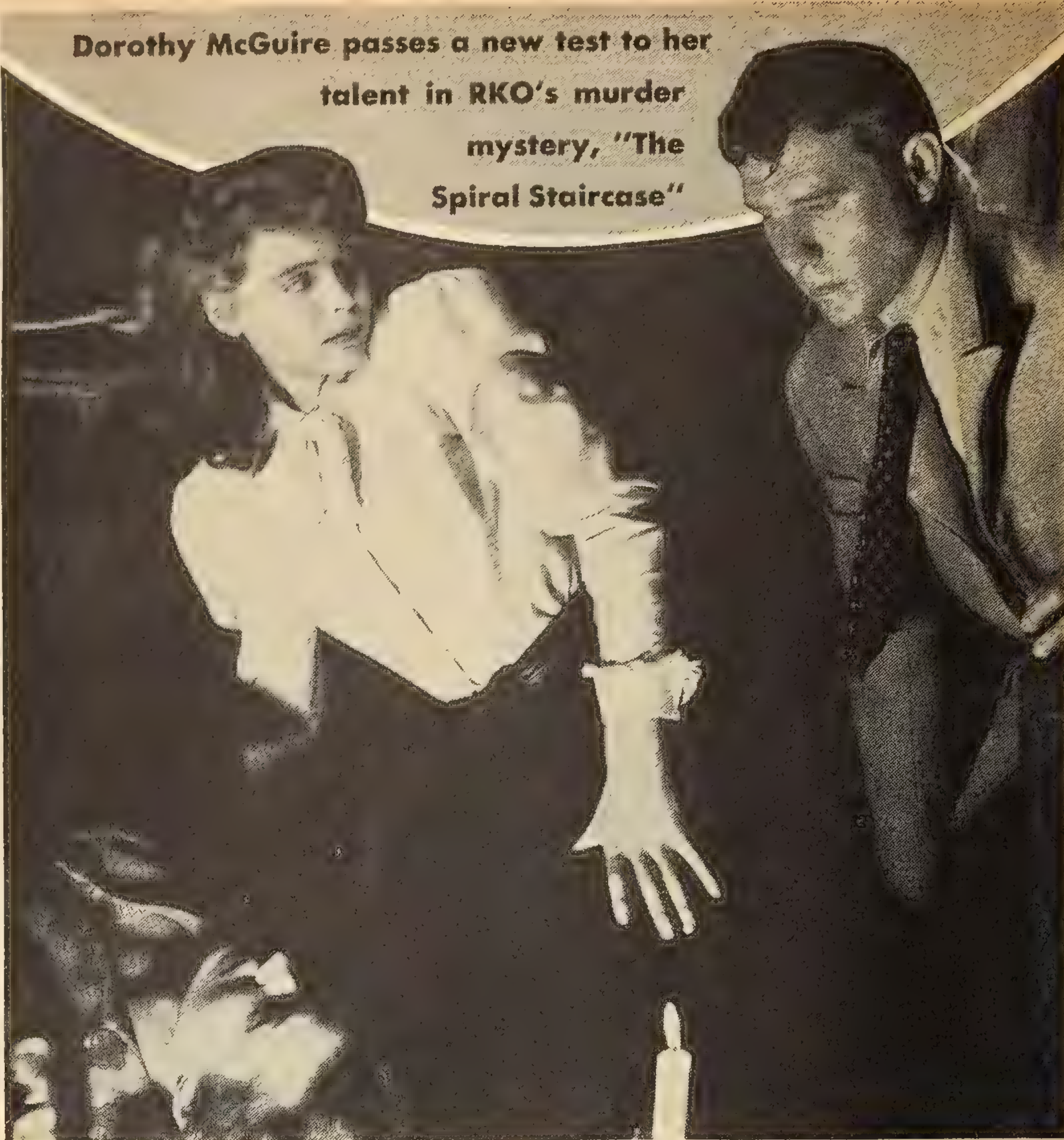
So easy to carry while away from home—so easy to use at home!



FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZS-46, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Dorothy McGuire passes a new test to her talent in RKO's murder mystery, "The Spiral Staircase"



"A" FOR ACHIEVEMENT



This picture takes us back a long way to the silent movies—but with what a difference from those over-mugging days! Dorothy McGuire, cast as a mute servant girl, is obliged to rely on facial expressions to show emotions ranging from fear, hate, amusement, love, tenderness to what have you. Still at top shows her in a tense scene with Gordon Oliver and Rhonda Fleming. Above, with Mel Dinelli, young mystery writer, who wrote the screen play from the popular novel.

*She challenges men with her beauty...
conquers them with her sword!*

By day...a devastating
enchantress...by night...
a deadly avenger...here is a
woman born bold and lovely
enough for any adventure!



ALEXANDRE DUMAS'

Breath-Taking Adventure
FILMED FOR THE FIRST TIME

"The Wife of MONTE CRISTO"

starring

JOHN LODER
LENORE AUBERT

with

CHARLES DINGLE · FRITZ KORTNER · EDUARDO CIANELLI
MARTIN KOSLECK · FRITZ FELD

Associate Producer JACK GRANT

Directed by EDGAR G. ULMER



PRC

A woman, dauntlessly and daringly romantic as Dumas' dashing Count of Monte Cristo!

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4 DIAMONDS

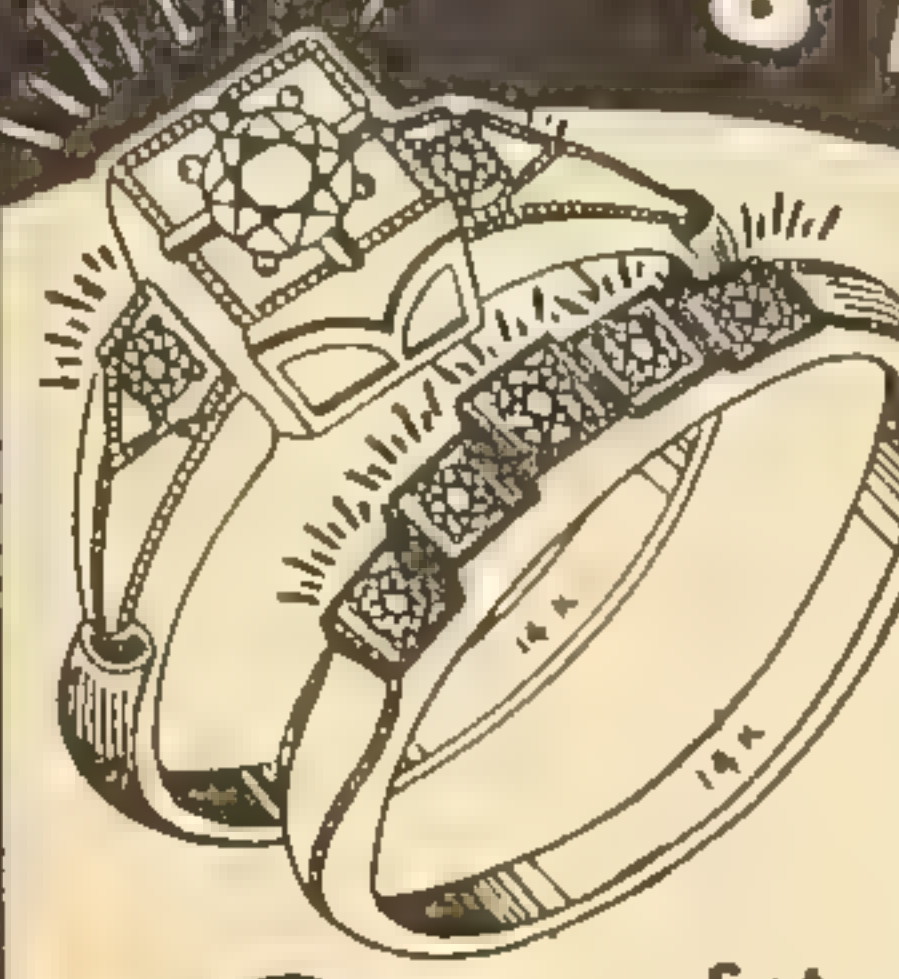
\$5.50 Each Ring

\$9.50 for Both Rings

Exquisite 14K SOLID GOLD Engagement Ring with brilliant GENUINE Chip Diamond in heart design mounting. Wedding Ring to match, 14K SOLID GOLD with 3 GENUINE Chip Diamonds. Beautifully boxed.

Set No. 4

GUARANTEED



8 DIAMONDS

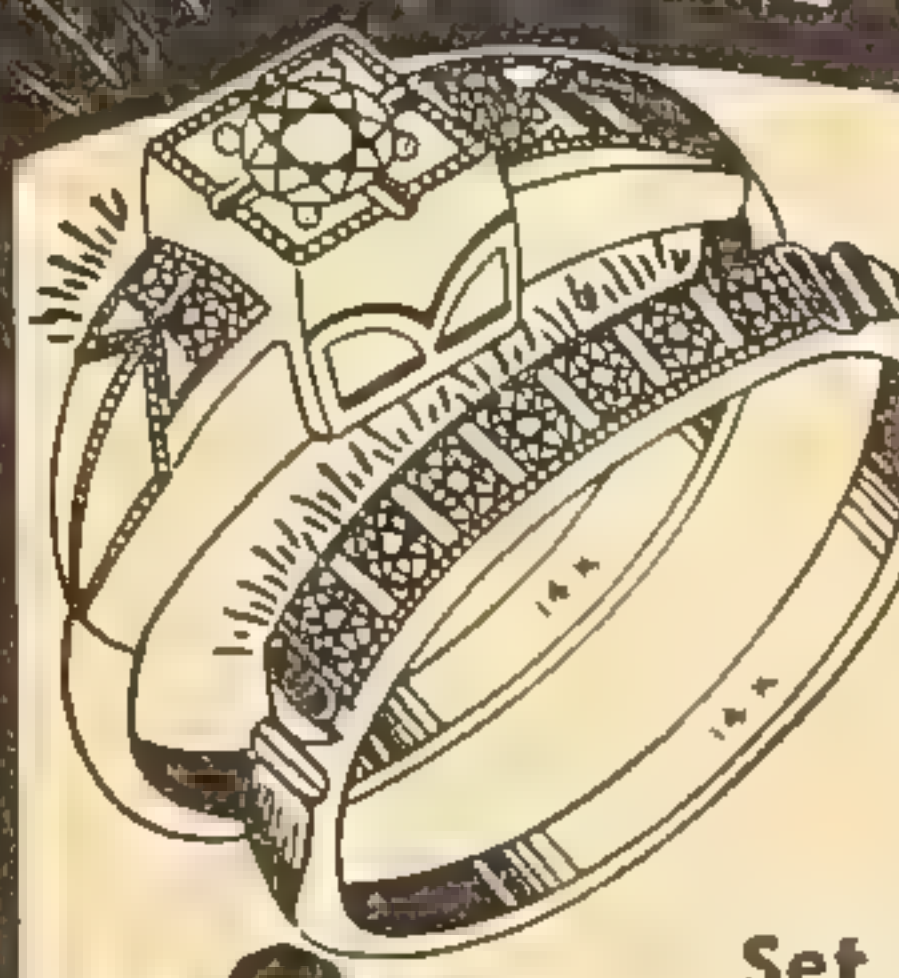
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Set No. 8

GUARANTEED



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Set No. 16

GUARANTEED

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Send the Rings checked below. Will pay postman price, plus postage and 20% Fed. tax. After 10 days, I may return Rings for refund of money.

Set No. 4	Set No. 8	Set No. 12	Set No. 16
Eng. <input type="checkbox"/>	Eng. <input type="checkbox"/>	Eng. <input type="checkbox"/>	Eng. <input type="checkbox"/>
Wed. <input type="checkbox"/>	Wed. <input type="checkbox"/>	Wed. <input type="checkbox"/>	Wed. <input type="checkbox"/>

My ring size is (or send paper strip to size)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



Fans' Forum



SECOND PRIZE WINNER
\$5.00

Last night I went to a movie. The feature picture was one of those "B" pictures which, to be blunt, was very corny. But the remarkable thing is that neither my money nor my evening was wasted.

As one of the added attractions they showed a short called "The House I Live In." As the name of Frank Sinatra flashed on the screen, the very evident feeling throughout the audience—that is, outside of the usual faithful bobby-sox class—was something like, "This is a good time to go out in the lobby for a smoke." But out of pure curiosity, I think, they stayed to see what The Voice had to offer.

I think I am also safe in saying that the majority of those Kansas skeptics had a new respect for Frank Sinatra and a little broader outlook on life when they left the theater. Even after about two minutes of Frank's heartwarming talk to the kids in the alley, the wisecracks in the theater stopped as suddenly as they had begun. There was something so utterly sincere in the way Frank put across his point of tolerance to those boys that the most dyed-in-the-wool anti-Sinatraite couldn't doubt him.

In my opinion, that ten minutes of film footage proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that Frank Sinatra, although small in stature, has a heart as big as all America. If he should never sing another song or make another movie in his life, I'm sure that "The House I Live In" would be enough to leave true Americans conscious of what a really wonderful person, and American, Frank Sinatra is. If every person in the United States could see this short feature, future America couldn't help but turn out as Frank and millions of others want it to.

DORIS E. PYLE, Salina, Kans.

FIVE PRIZE WINNERS
\$1.00 Each

I'd like to pinch a great many Hollywood script writers and, for that matter, a number of fiction writers, too. They are definitely sleeping!

Cues and Views

Who can tell? Maybe those views you have about pictures and people will give the very cue to bigger and better movie entertainment producers are looking for. So why not tell Fans' Forum about them? Write your letter now while last night's movie is still fresh in your mind. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and five \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of each month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER
\$10.00

Isn't it about time that we had a new sort of college picture? Most assuredly, there's a new sort of individual on the American campus today. Joe and Jane College, with their raccoon coats and juvenile rah-rah enthusiasm, have given way to G.I. Joe and Jane. Sincere, honest, and matured beyond their years by the rigors of war and peace, they are excellent copy for a new and long-awaited movie about American college life.

G.I. Joe and Jane are genuinely anxious to obtain an education to prepare themselves for the important job of being better citizens and better parents for the generation to come and, above all, they share the overwhelming conviction that it's up to them to prevent another war. They can't seem to forget the incredibly horrible slaughters at Anzio, Iwo, Ardennes and Okinawa.

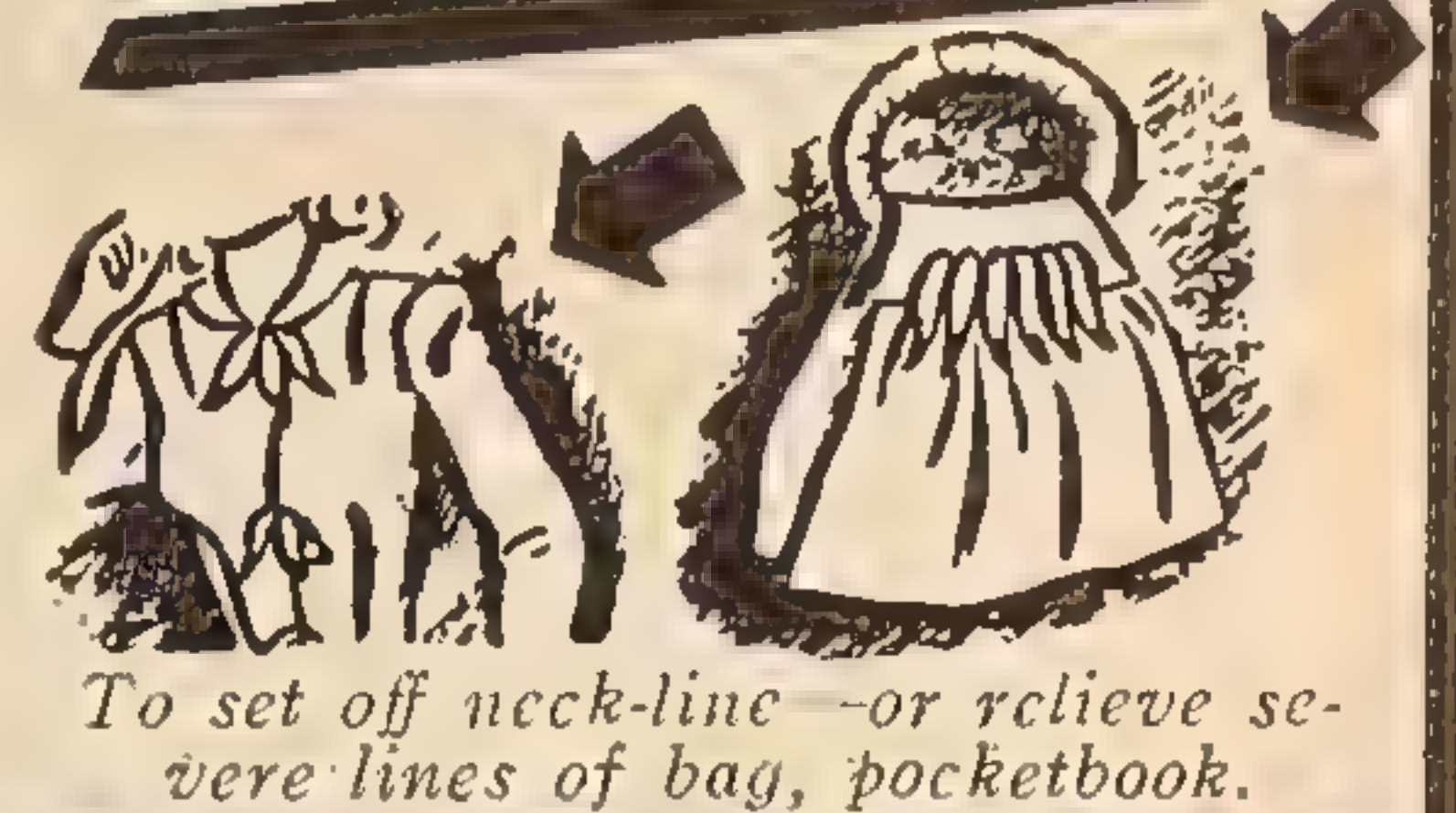
Romance comes to G.I. Joe and Jane as they stroll about the shaded lawns of the peaceful college campus and it is, at once, sincere and beautiful. Their talks on the shape of things to come—love, war and peace—are memorable and epic. Surely, G.I. Joe and Jane, now back at college, harbor much more dramatic potentialities for a great movie script than their superficial, pre-war predecessors, Joe and Jane College. Don't you agree?

FRANK KENNEDY, TEC. 5, Seattle, Wash.

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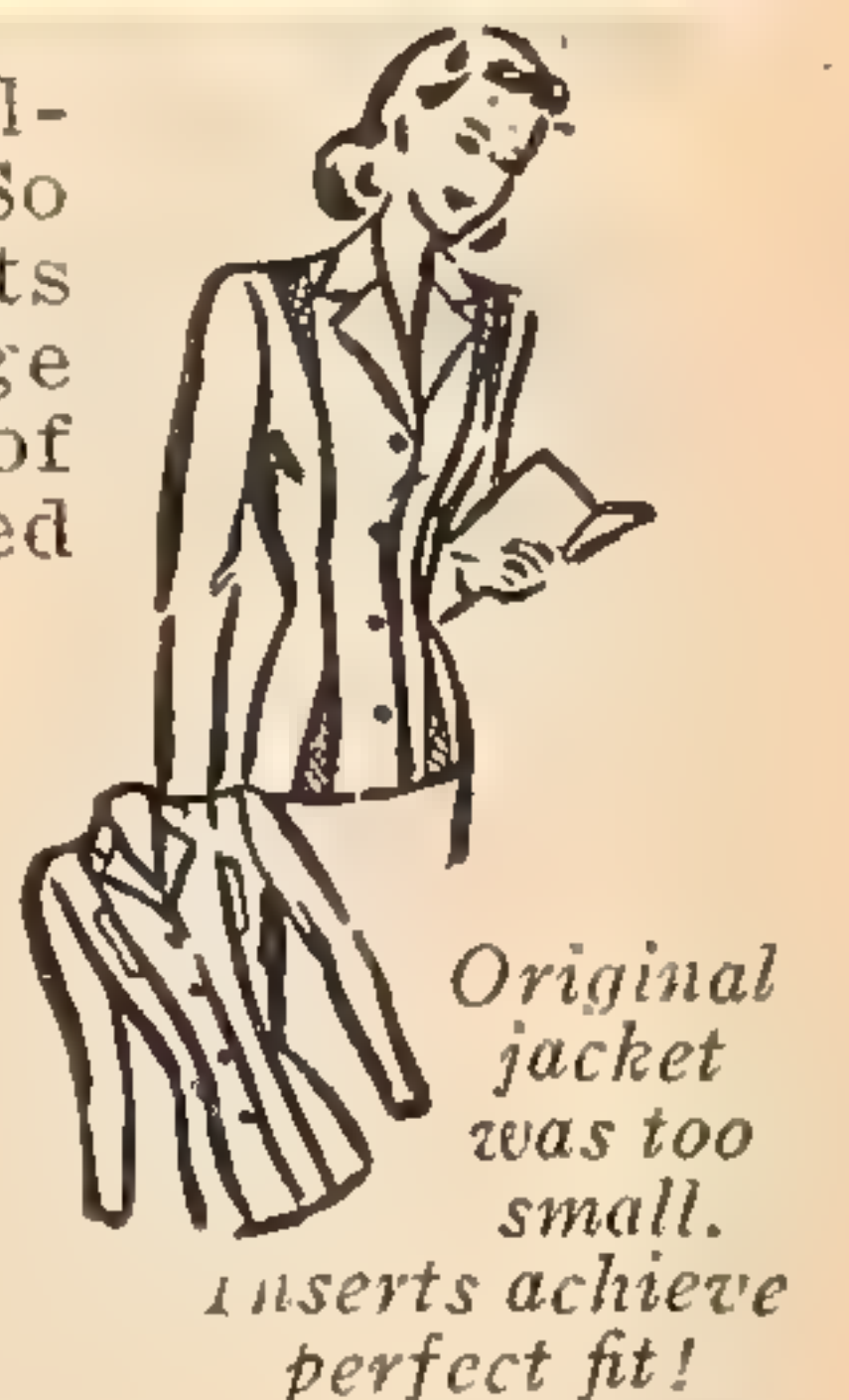
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Sewing Tools	How To Alter A Pattern	Restyling—Remodeling—
The ABC's of Stitches	How To Baste	Remaking
Seams	How To Make Fitting	Slipcovers
Darts, Tucks and Pleats	Alterations	Bedspreads, Couch Covers
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Headings	Smooth Fitting Waistlines	Old Curtains For New
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"Invaluable! Packed with instructions, illustrations and information on every possible kind of Sewing."

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Washington, D. C., Evening Star

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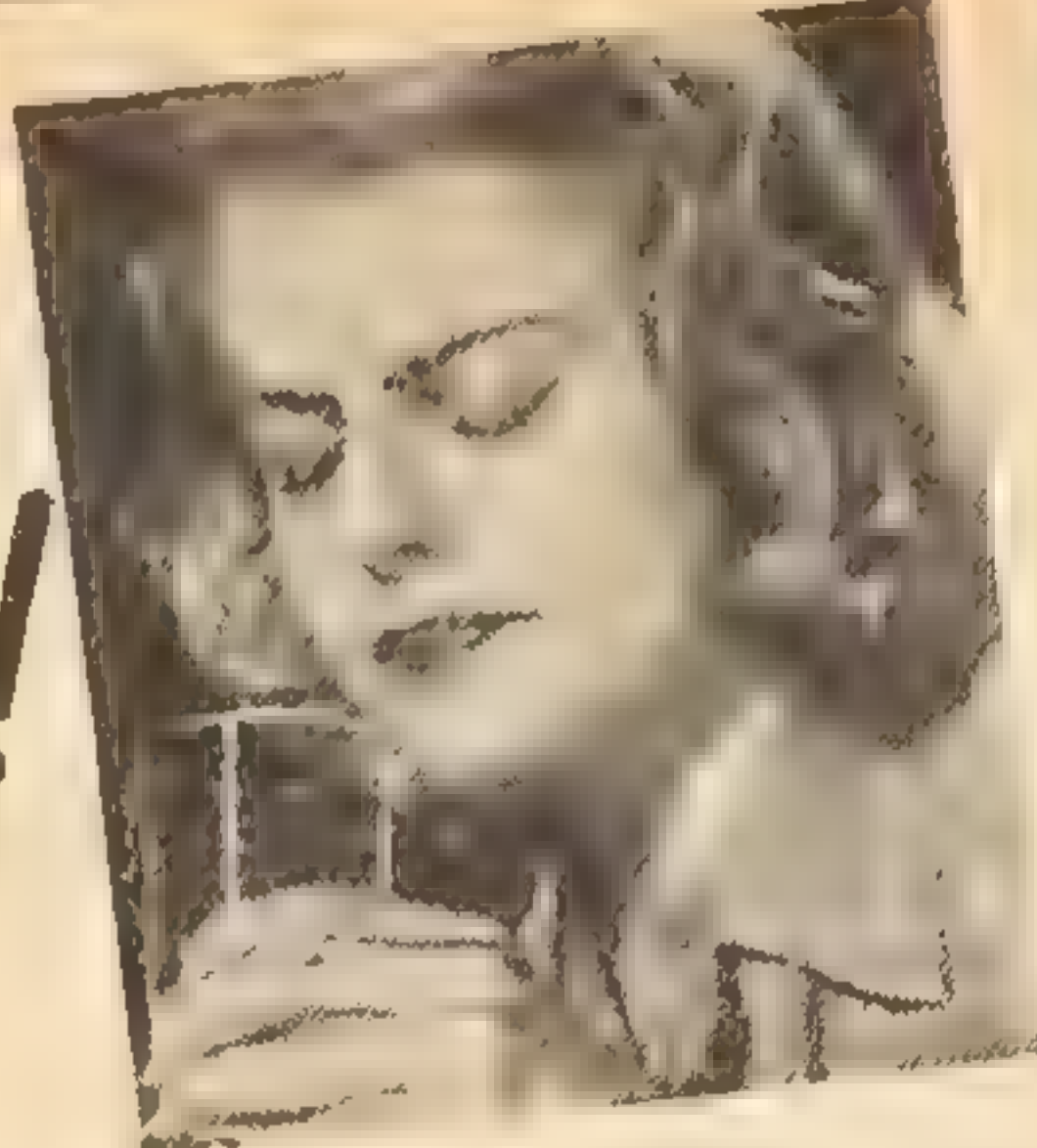
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Too Strong!



It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that's *too strong* can often leave you feeling worse than before!

Too Mild!



A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief may be worse than none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly*, yet be kind and gentle!

The Happy Medium!



Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle*, too. It works easily and effectively at the same time. And Ex-Lax tastes good, too — just like fine chocolate. It's America's most widely used laxative, as good for children as it is for grown-ups.

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the chocolate laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

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THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE
10c and 25c at all drug stores



Why is it that these brilliant people, who make their living by use of the pen, seem to think that there are no other cities in America worth writing about except New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Boston?

Certainly they must realize that there are other cities just as colorful, just as exciting, and just as intriguing as these four. What's the matter with New Orleans, Houston, Atlanta, Memphis, and Richmond? Surely these notable cities contain superb writing material.

So, come on, Hollywood writers, wake up! Start writing books and making pictures about some other American cities!

KATHRYN PRESCOTT, Lake Charles, La.

Jackie Jenkins is the "WHAMer" boy of the movies. His nonchalant way of handling any rôle given him has endeared him to nearly every kind of theater-goer. Somehow that boy has wormed his way into more hearts than any of those sweet, precocious child actors and actresses we are used to seeing.

We wish that some smart producer would make a picture about a boy and let Jackie play the lead. He would make a perfect *Skippy*, since he has that philosophic outlook on life that Percy Crosby's cartoon character has so much of. Can't you persuade someone to star Jackie as *Skippy*? I believe we would have a work of art from Hollywood if this were done.

MILDRED BIRD, Dayton, Ohio

It is my opinion that Miss Goddard's essay or thesis entitled "This Is What I Believe" is one of the best, most brilliant and sincere articles to appear in *SCREENLAND*.

It not only confirms my belief that Hollywood is made up of fine, upstanding Americans, and not a lot of glamor girls, marrying and seeking divorces, but proves Miss Goddard to be the fine comedienne and character actress she is.

The article also proved that besides being beautiful Miss Goddard possesses intelligence and common sense.

MRS. T. R. P., Norfolk, Va.

Our small city has gone "Chopin" from the first day that it saw "A Song to Remember" and heard the immortal music of Chopin. Some of us, scattered here and there, were fairly well acquainted with several of his great compositions which the piano teachers had assigned to us as their students, but it wasn't till "A Song to Remember" came to our city that all sat up and took notice of the inspiring music. Everyone loves it; the aged, the young, the

business man, the farmer and even the jitter-bug lovers did not escape.

I am a receptionist in a doctor's office and only this morning as I turned on the radio in the crowded waiting room a flood of Chopin's music danced out. Immediately the room became silent and several of the people closed in around the radio. When the doctor opened the door for the next patient, the man said, "Wait a minute, Doctor, this piece is almost over."

Every day on my way home from work I can hear the hurrying people whistle or hum "The Polonaise." I can hear it from a juke box in the drug store, the piano in our high school canteen and on the football field when our band performs.

Only a few blocks away from my home lives a white-haired man who regularly plays "The Nocturne" before the supper hour. Through the brightly lit window I can see, as I walk home, his head bobbing up and down as his lively fingers dance over the keys. As I draw near his home, I slacken my pace so that I can listen a little longer.

Thank you, Hollywood, for bringing to light the joyous music that was known only to a few people until you revealed it in your great movie production.

HELEN KISKO, Salem, Ohio

Drastically departing from his usual rôles, Edward G. Robinson played a magnificent father in "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes." Now, why not let Marlene Dietrich portray a mother? Mothers needn't be haloed madonnas nor "characters." Mothers can be lovely, gay individuals, capable of shedding magic onto anything, even the dreary chore of waiting hours for a bus.

Hollywood needs a new slant on mothers. To keep its brilliance, Marlene Dietrich's career needs the addition of a new facet. It would be good business and good American justice to let this star portray the truly gallant type of mother; the type who asks no reverence, but gives to her children the priceless gifts of laughter and courage.

Marlene Dietrich was the actress who pioneered for motherhood in Hollywood. Prior to her advent, movie stars shunned maternity as if it were leprosy. At best, they kept the shameful state a deep, dark secret. She shattered this tradition, amongst others. Now a full nursery is as necessary to a movie star as ermine to an eighteenth century king.

She did some sound sowing, why not let her reap?

MARGARET ANN McGUIRE,
San Francisco, Calif.



Republic is doubly blessed with singing cowboys with the addition of Monte Hale on the contract list. You'll hear him in "Home On The Range," with Adrian Booth.



*"I tried to
be good -
always!"*

*Benedict
Bogaus*

presents

**PAULETTE
GODDARD**

in

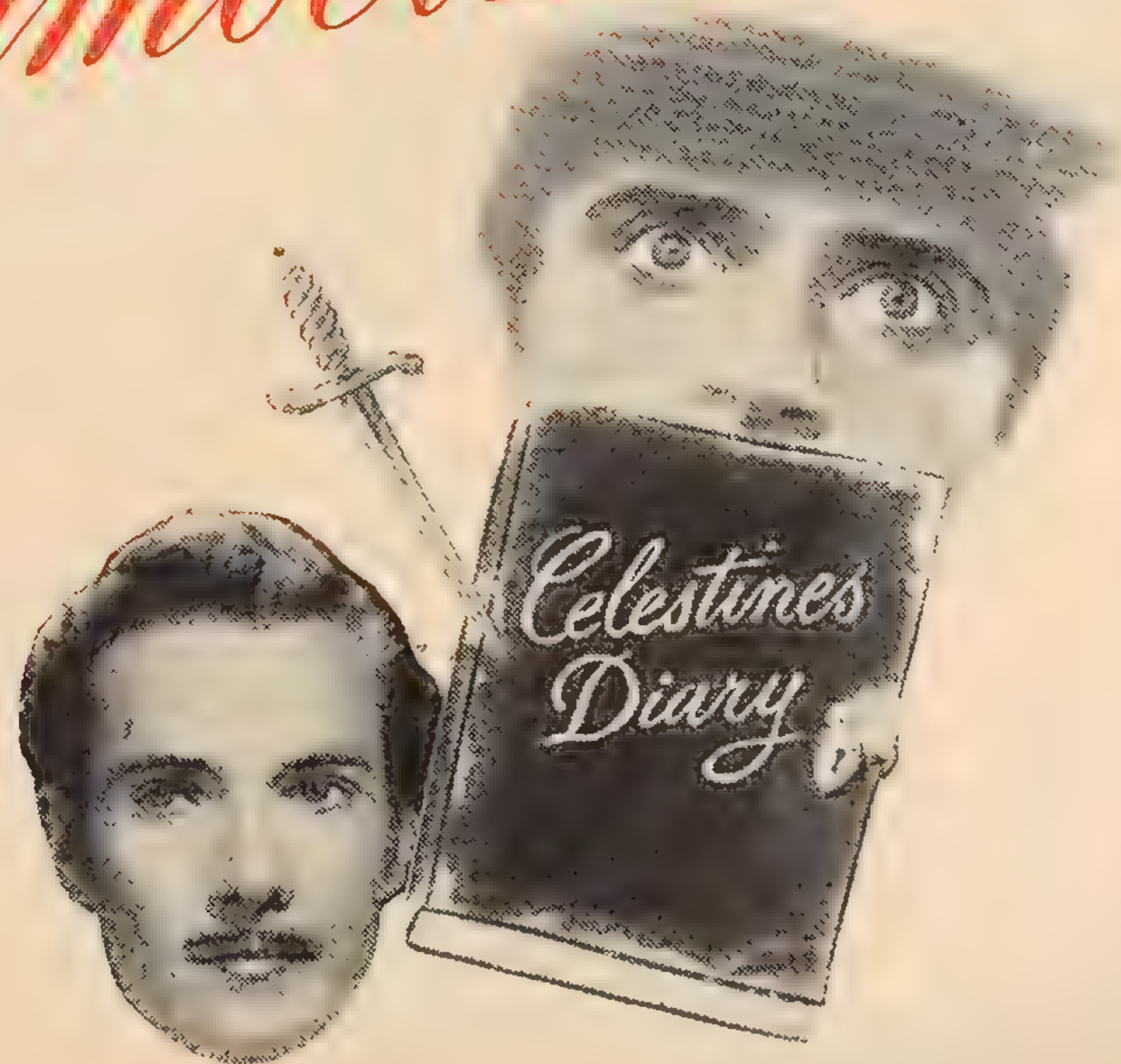
"Diary of a Chambermaid"

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BURGESS HURD
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with JUDITH ANDERSON · FLORENCE BATES · IRENE RYAN and
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Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS and BURGESS MEREDITH
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Screenplay by Burgess Meredith · RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS





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Whether for the first or fiftieth wedding date, she'll be delighted with a golden-voiced canary. Easy to care for... radiant with cheer... one of these little songsters will be cherished proof that you remember... love her as always. So, give a singing canary—the perfect anniversary gift!

THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN U.S.



From England comes this behind-the-scenes shot of Agnes de Mille giving instructions to Kay Kendall and her dancing partner, Lucas Hovinga, on the set of "London Town."

HONORABLE MENTION

One of the many things that Hollywood is exceptionally good at is producing movies on the different novels written. Selections are usually pretty close to perfect when choosing the right stars to play the leading rôles.

So, I'd like to put in a suggestion about one of the latest and most popular novels written, Sinclair Lewis' "Cass Timberlane." My choice in the starring rôles would be one of our newest and most popular stars of the season, Gregory Peck, as the elderly but very distinguished lawyer; *Jinny Marshland* to be played by none other than the most successful actress of all times, Vivien Leigh, who I have read is returning to Hollywood.

Please, Hollywood, let's have this made into a movie, but wait until Vivien Leigh comes back so she can play the lead. No other star would do.

JOYCE TINGEY, Brigham City, Utah

After seeing "Love Letters" I could simply shout the praises of wonderful and lovely Jennifer Jones! For her thrilling performance as *Singleton*, may I say, "Congratulations"? Also my congratulations to Joseph Cotten for a grand performance as well.

My hope is that in the near future we may have more pictures like "Love Letters" and, by all means, more of Jennifer Jones!

MARILYN NICAR, Houston, Texas

From a regular perusal of the articles and stories in *SCREENLAND* one would conclude that Hollywood caters mainly to the metropolitan sections of this broad land. However, the movies, like everything else of any size or importance, depend upon the folks in "the sticks" for their support.

I'm one of those fans in the wind-swept, open country and, with my wife, make movie-going a regular habit. It's a definite part of our week's schedule and our friends all know we'll be "out" on a certain night every week.

Our village movie-house manager, Tony, knows us personally, knows where we live,

work, go to church, and how we vote. If we're ill and fail to show on our regular night he inquires about us from our neighbors. And last week a neighbor died, so Tony sent one of his men to the wake and also to the funeral.

On the wall of the lobby of the movie-house (you can hardly call it a theater) is a picture of our son, along with those of the other men and women in the service from this section. A special honor exhibit holds the gold-star pictures and each time we go we pause to see the additions, to say a prayer for them and for their saddened family, our neighbors.

We stop to gossip with folks in the lobby before the show and exchange greetings with many others as they go by. After the show, we get out at 9:30 P.M., the village drug store or the coffee shop are favorite spots. Here we sit with friends and discuss the pictures and players, crab about the noisy kids down front, or the trouble Tony is having with a certain motion picture company about percentage splits and we vow to back up our genial manager by not clamoring for any of that company's stuff.

All this ritual might cause some to say we are in a rut, but this period after the show is just as much a part of the movies as if it were under the same roof. Maybe we sort of like to get into steady habits here in New England and I imagine country folk are the same everywhere. Perhaps that's why they say we are the backbone of the nation.

I know this doesn't sound like your regular fan letters, but maybe Hollywood might find a mite here to think about.

ALBERT J. BENEDICT, Waterbury, Conn.

In the future I hope it is possible to have a motion picture of one of the greatest Americans who ever lived—a man who told the little fellow to look up and not down, who gave him hope and also power—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

He left to every American, rich or poor, strong or weak, one of his most prized possessions—America!

DORIS DUQUETTE, Springfield, Mass.
(Please turn to page 22)

When the Honeymoon fades out

**...and
marriage
sets in!**

He couldn't
give her anything
but love...and that
was okay with Susie.
She thought marriage
meant love & laughs
...Forgot it meant
bread and butter, too!



JOAN FONTAINE

"From This Day Forward"

with **MARK STEVENS**

ROSEMARY DeCAMP · HENRY MORGAN

WALLY BROWN · ARLINE JUDGE

Produced by **WILLIAM PEREIRA** • Directed by **JOHN BERRY**
Screen Play by **HUGO BUTLER**



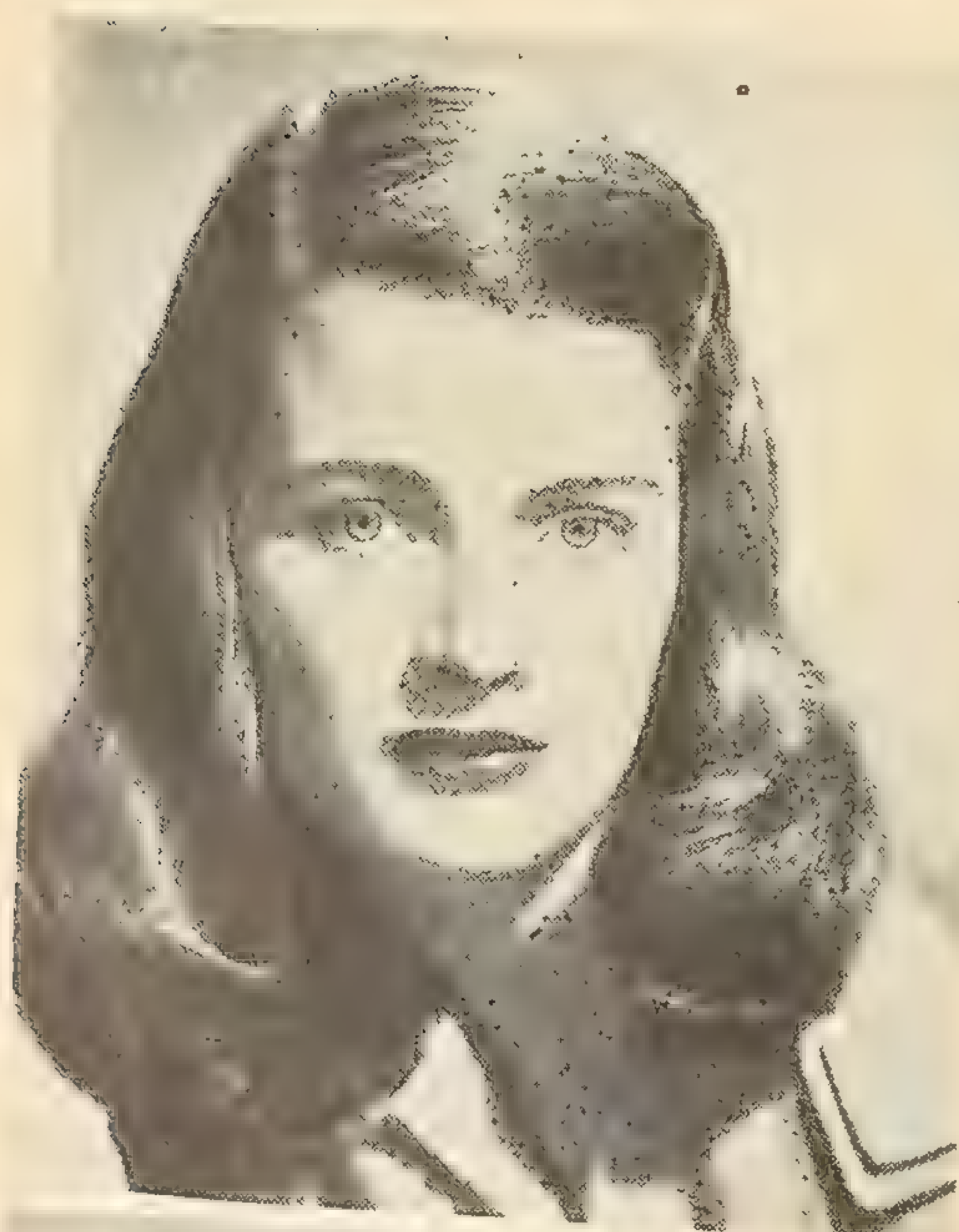
**Youthful stars
learn early in
their careers that
attention paid to
beauty brings reward**

June Haver is the glamorous
20th Century-Fox starlet in
"Give Me the Simple Life."



TEENS HAVE BEAUTY SECRETS, TOO!

By Josephine Felts



This classic beauty is Nancy Guild whom
you will see in "Somewhere in the Night."



Jeanne Crain, lovely as usual,
sparkles in "Centennial Summer"

IT ISN'T only the "old people" of twenty-three or four who have beauty problems, you know. Teen-agers can have some pretty trying times, too!

This is the consensus of opinion of youthful stars, who realize the need and importance of looking lovely at all times either on or off the screen.

Every girl wants a clear bright look to

her skin, and sometimes, live as right as you can, drink lots of milk and eat the vegetables and lean meat the doctor orders, still your complexion can look cloudy and dull.

Don't be offended if I suggest your skin may not be quite as clean as you like to think it is. Give this matter a thought, anyway. For there are available to you and

well known to movie studios, certain powdery preparations which form a paste when mixed with water and with which you can give your skin a deep thorough scrub. You want to use them gently, and to begin with, only about a couple of times a week.

Naturally, a good mild soap is your basic cleanser and you will use your favorite cleansing cream every night if you follow Hollywood beauty advice. These powdery cleansing preparations have, or perhaps I should more properly say your use of them has, a stimulating action on the skin. They pep up the surface and after using them you look pinker. Another chore they accomplish is the flaking off of the dead cuticle skin. This helps make your complexion look smoother and finer.

Nobody needs to tell you what to do about the occasional little skin upheaval that causes you trouble. You know enough not to squeeze it hard but to remove it at the right time with a gentle pressure. It is a good idea to touch the spot with a dash of alcohol afterward to avoid infection. But if your skin is really disturbed, if you suspect you may have what the doctors call

(Please turn to page 23)

Are you in the know?



Which is a "must" in leg make-up?

- ☐ Defuzzing
- ☐ Debumping
- ☐ Artful application

S-m-o-o-t-h is the word for glamour-gams. So whisk off the "whiskers" with a good depilatory. Discourage bumps with soap-and-water scouring; soften your legs with lotion. Then apply make-up artfully, following directions with care. (See? Each answer above is right!) It's all part of a gal's grooming ritual. And so is keeping dainty... especially on "difficult" days. You know, Kotex contains a *deodorant*... locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. Don't overlook this new Kotex safeguard for your daintiness!



What's the cure for this coiffure?

- ☐ An upsweep
- ☐ A snood
- ☐ A good thinning out

That bush on Nellie's head is strictly barber-bait! What's the cure? A good thinning out. A frizzy effect or too many curls just can't compete with a simple, sleek coiffure. If *your* locks have a moppish look, have your hairdresser shear and shape them. Self-confidence goes with good grooming... and (on "those" days) with Kotex, too. That exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives you *plus* protection. You're confident because your secret's safe—thanks to Kotex sanitary napkins.



If you're budget-bound, which should you buy?

- ☐ A suit
- ☐ A conversation print
- ☐ A fancy formal

Does your budget hoot at your wardrobe plans? Well, then, pick one of the new soft suits. You can wear it more often—with varied accessories keyed to most every occasion and mood. Be a shrewd shopper. Always latch on to the type of duds you can *keep* living with, longer. And when buying sanitary napkins, remember—you can keep *comfortable* with Kotex. Because Kotex is the napkin with lasting softness... made to *stay soft while wearing*. Naturally, Kotex is first choice.

If stranded on the dance floor, should you—

- ☐ Join the wallflowers
- ☐ Retreat to the dressing-room
- ☐ Yoo-hoo to the stag line

A solid joe would know better, but if ever a goon-guy thanks you for the dance and leaves you marooned—what to do? Walk nonchalantly to the dressing-room. There you can regain your composure and reappear later—with no one the wiser. Such trying episodes challenge your poise. Just as trying *days* often do... but not when you have the help of Kotex! For Kotex has special *flat, tapered ends* that don't show revealing outlines. So why be shy of the public eye? Just rely on Kotex!



A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

Powers Model SLIPS



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MOVIE STAR SLIPS

Dept. H
159 Madison Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.



Gale Storm takes time out from starring in Monogram's musical extravaganza, "Swing Parade Of 1946," to bask in the healthful rays of California sunshine.

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 18

I am relieved to notice that much of the war craze for boogie-woogie musicals is dying out. People are coming to their senses; even the youngsters are asking for slower, sweeter stuff.

Perhaps now we shall have Jeanette and Nelson on the screen again in some really good musicals.

As a librarian, I have also noticed that people's taste is definitely toward the past; they ask for books that are "Anything but modern"—even Westerns. And this trend is bound to extend to movies, if it hasn't already begun.

Producers will be wise to buy up as many old books as they can for some years to come. People want to escape from present-day troubles.

For instance: "St. Elmo" would be perfect for George Sanders; more of Sabatini and Dumas for Paul Henreid (he was splendid as the pirate in "The Spanish Main"); some of Rosa Carey's charming old English novels for Peter Lawford, John Sutton (where is he?) and our other English authors, F. Marion Crawford, Jane Austin—well, I could go on and on.

RUTH KING, Cranford, N. J.

What is Hollywood doing for the supporting players of today? Years ago one could scan the list of supporting players, pick the one who, in his opinion, seemed to have stolen the show from the well-known stars.

Now a supporting player doesn't seem to get an even break; for the most part Hollywood seems to have discarded the old style listing of stars and the supporting players. Now you sit in a comfortable seat, read for four or five minutes the names of people who directed, wrote, colored, sang, etc., the various parts, and flashing up maybe the two or three big-name stars who are the supposed attraction. They leave it up to your imagination as to who played the rôle of the butler, waitress, or what have you,

and in your opinion was far superior to the real stars.

I would say an average of seven out of ten movies give you this modern listing by naming the big stars and then just giving you a list of people whose names are foreign to you. Gone are the days when the name of the star and the title of his characterization appeared opposite each other. Now you have to use your sixth sense when you see men and women whom you think should be on top and whose name appears among a list of other unknown actors.

Recently, in the movie "Within These Walls," they flashed in large blinding print the names of Thomas Mitchell and Eddie Ryan, but in the show they built a story partly around a very handsome, well-built, young and very clever actor. Did they say what his name was? No. I looked at the pictures posted on the outside of the theater and my efforts were to no avail.

Thanks to SCREENLAND, I finally found out who that star of tomorrow really is—Mark Stevens—and, through no help from the movie colony, I'm going to remember him and praise his acting to the sky.

Why doesn't Hollywood give us back the old way of listing stars; give us back the "Cast of Characters," which was so helpful to the supporting players, and the public, and why don't they quit over-billing the big name stars? After all, they are familiar to the movie-goer and it is the people on the bottom of the billing who have to earn their way as yet and they and we would appreciate a better listing. How about it?

MURIEL KOENIG, Cincinnati, Ohio

It has lately become a favorite pastime to discuss the movies from the viewpoint of their art. Needless to say, there are many aspects of art at its best in movies, but I like to think of it from an entirely different angle.

The motion picture industry holds within its power the privilege of helping to shape the future of America. In the past few

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WITH RAYONS—

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years the industry has grown to phenomenal proportions and its effect is far-reaching.

It shows us how to wear our hair, the latest fashion in clothes; it teaches us how to speak correctly and how to be poised as well as attractive at all times. It has not been content with such a great contribution and has gone still farther — it has been keeper of our morals. "Crime does not pay" is the watchword and matters of principle and ideals are not neglected. It has subtly raised the standard of American living by building in our minds desires for better things and a better way of life. It has gradually built in the movie-going public a rare appreciation of beauty, art, music and literature, which take their places in our lives as never before. We are being taught to appreciate them in their true relationship to our own lives. We know history as the background for the present and foundation for the future.

Let us hope the movies accept the responsibility that is peculiarly their own in shaping our future into a thing of beauty, peace and unity. This privilege is given to them as to no other medium of expression. May they not fail!

ELVA DANE, Richmond, Ind.

Teens Have Beauty Secrets, Too!

Continued from page 20

acne, see a good doctor at once and follow his advice.

Your makeup is, or ought to be, something so individual that only the most general suggestions can be made here:

A good foundation cream should be used before makeup.

Powder should copy your skin tones.

Matching lipstick and nail polish are smart.

Eye makeup is smarter by night than by day. (Mascara skillfully applied is an exception to this rule.)

You can find if you look for them a whole series of makeup accessories scented with one fragrance.

Today a becoming hair arrangement is one of the most important beauty assets a girl can have. Don't be afraid to experiment a little. Try out this way and that. As you can see from the pictures of June, Nancy and Jeanne, different hair styles accent different personalities. Are you the type to whom the simple classic line such as Nancy wears is becoming? Try it. Hold the picture up and study your own face in the mirror.

Don't be fooled by that pretty careless look Jeanne's hair has! It takes a lot of skillful doing. But for Jeanne's type it is wonderfully becoming. Perhaps it would suit you too.

We mentioned in speaking of makeup that lips and fingertips matching or at least harmonizing in color are a smart beauty note. The softness and smoothness of your hands are worth cherishing, too. You'll find a good hand cream, or lotion, if you prefer, a great help here. Smooth it on daily; oftener than that if your hands are in and out of water frequently.

Now to that final little glamor note, a dash of fragrance. It is Spring, you know, and perfumes, colognes and toilet water seem to go with the season. Most of the teen-age stars have discovered how very pleasant toilet water is to wear, for daytime especially. Floral perfumes are popular; the girls like the lighter, gayer scents. A suspicion of fragrance about your hair is attractive. If you shampoo your own, add a dash of your favorite toilet water to the last rinse. I think you will like the result.



Don't be that kind of a Cover Girl!

You can't cover up underarm odor—but you can guard against it with Mum

YOU SIMPLY can't resist perfume. That added dash of fragrance makes you feel so feminine. So alluring.

But you're only fooling yourself. For even the loveliest of perfumes won't cover up underarm odor.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration,

but you still need protection against risk of *future* underarm odor. And Mum's the word for that.

So take 30 seconds to smooth on Mum after every bath, before every date. Snowy-white Mum keeps you sweet—nice to be near all day or evening.

Mum won't irritate your skin or injure fabrics. Quick, safe, sure—you can use Mum even *after* dressing. Won't dry out in the jar. Ask for Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.



Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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HOW POLLY PICKED HER PATTERN



Polly paid attention to Holmes & Edwards because it's *Sterling Inlaid* with two blocks of sterling silver at the backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks



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GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Perfumes are a lovely thought for Easter. Let "him" know the fragrances that you like best



Matchabelli makes a winsome Springtime fragrance, Duchess of York, which reminds you of lilac gardens.

IN THE Spring a smart girl's fancy gently turns to thoughts of fragrance—and she looks around to choose which perfume is most becoming to her.

Have a whiff of Spellbound before you decide this year. This is a soft, romantic perfume you can wear light-heartedly. At the same time ask to see the toilet water in the same scent and the matching dusting powder.

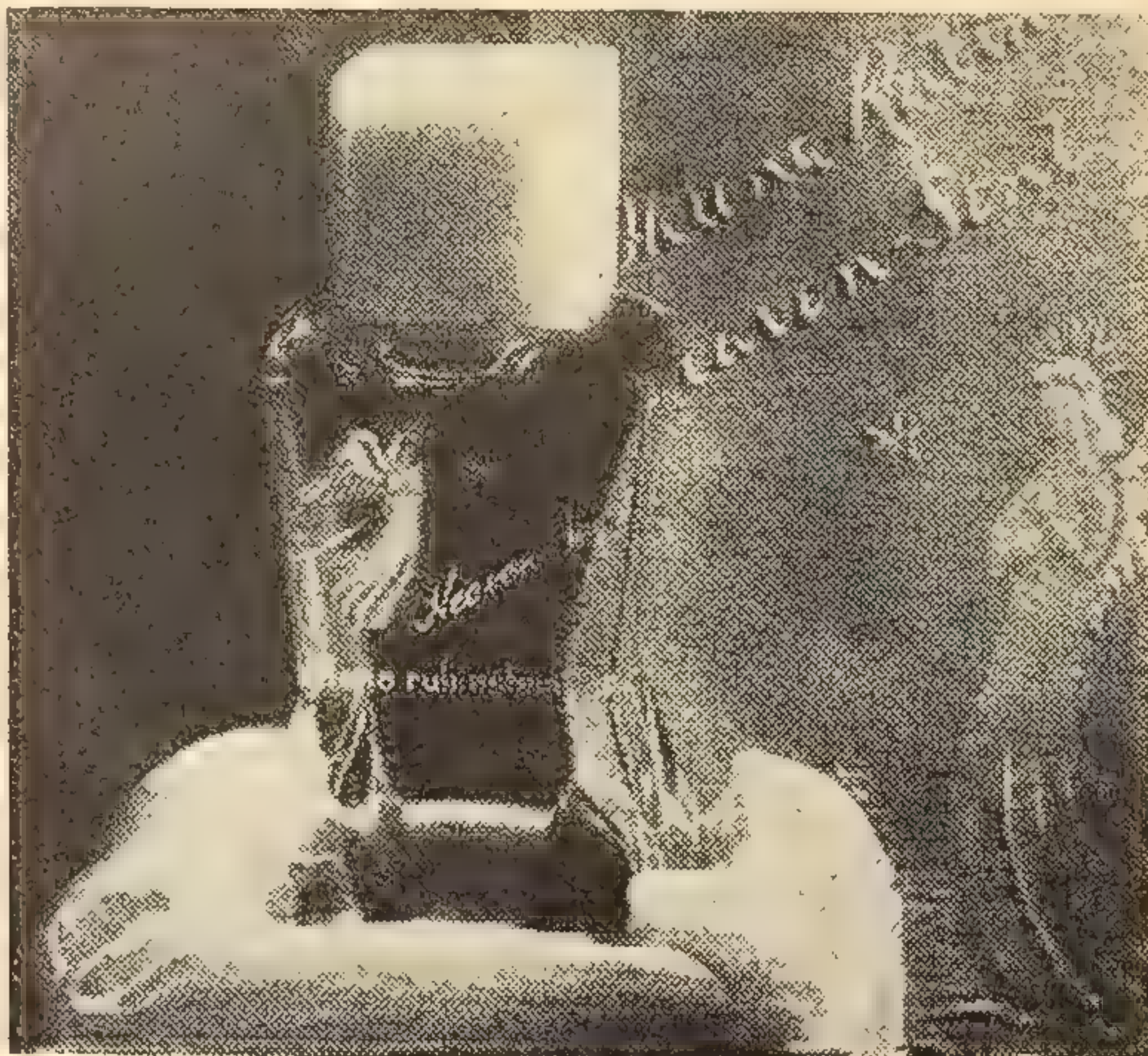
Do you like cosmetics matched up in fragrance? One of our Spring favorites is Matchabelli's Duchess of York. This is a lilac-laden scent that is classic. Perfume, cologne, toilet water, talcum and dusting powder come in the same, as well as sachets and make-up items.

Spring means not only perfume but a general perking up in every way. If you find that your complexion is a bit on the dull side after Winter, try Dubarry Special Cleansing Preparation. You shake this out in the palm of your hand or a small saucer. Add just enough water to make a paste. With fingertips, spread this paste on your face and neck and wait a few minutes until it is almost dry. Now, scrub off the mix-

ture, working with brisk upward and outward strokes. You'll be delighted with the way it brightens your skin.

There is beauty news, too, for hands—good news this Spring weather. It is a different kind of hand lotion, called Balm Barr and is creme-whipped with rich oils and lanolin. It smooths on quickly and easily without leaving any greasy feeling. The rich lanolin it contains is one of the reasons you need so very little of it. Lanolin as you know is nature's closest approach to the natural oils of the skin. This means that Balm Barr is economical as well as useful.

And speaking of early Spring, Tussy's Wind and Weather Lotion is a wonderful comfort for chapped skin. After your morning shower if you will rub it into your hands, face, arms and legs, you'll be surprised how smooth it keeps them. Some people whose skin is sensitive use it also as a cleanser. It is just generally one of those good things to have around for all sorts of purposes. The man in the house finds that it doubles for an after-shaving lotion and mother likes it as a powder base. You'd better keep your own bottle in your room.



Heaven Sent, by Helena Rubinstein, is one of the gay, young fragrances that we love.



He'll be "Spellbound" when you wear the charming perfume which has this name.

Things that Colds often thrive on



WET FEET

DIRECT CONTACT



DRAFTS

TEMPERATURE CHANGES



FATIGUE

DROPLET INFECTION



At the first sign of a Cold or Sore Throat— GARGLE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

YOU may help lessen a cold's severity or head it off entirely if you take this delightful precaution early and often, because . . .

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs called the "secondary invaders" on mouth and throat surfaces before they can stage a mass invasion of throat tissues to produce a cold's miserable symptoms.

Attack the Germs

Ordinarily the secondary invaders cause no trouble. But they can often get the upper hand when body resistance is lowered by fatigue, wet or cold feet, drafts, and sudden temperature changes.

So we repeat: At the first symptom of trouble, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. Attack the germs before they attack you.

Actual tests have shown germ reductions

on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

This marked germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain Listerine Antiseptic's impressive test record in fighting colds.

Fewer Colds for Listerine Antiseptic Users in Tests

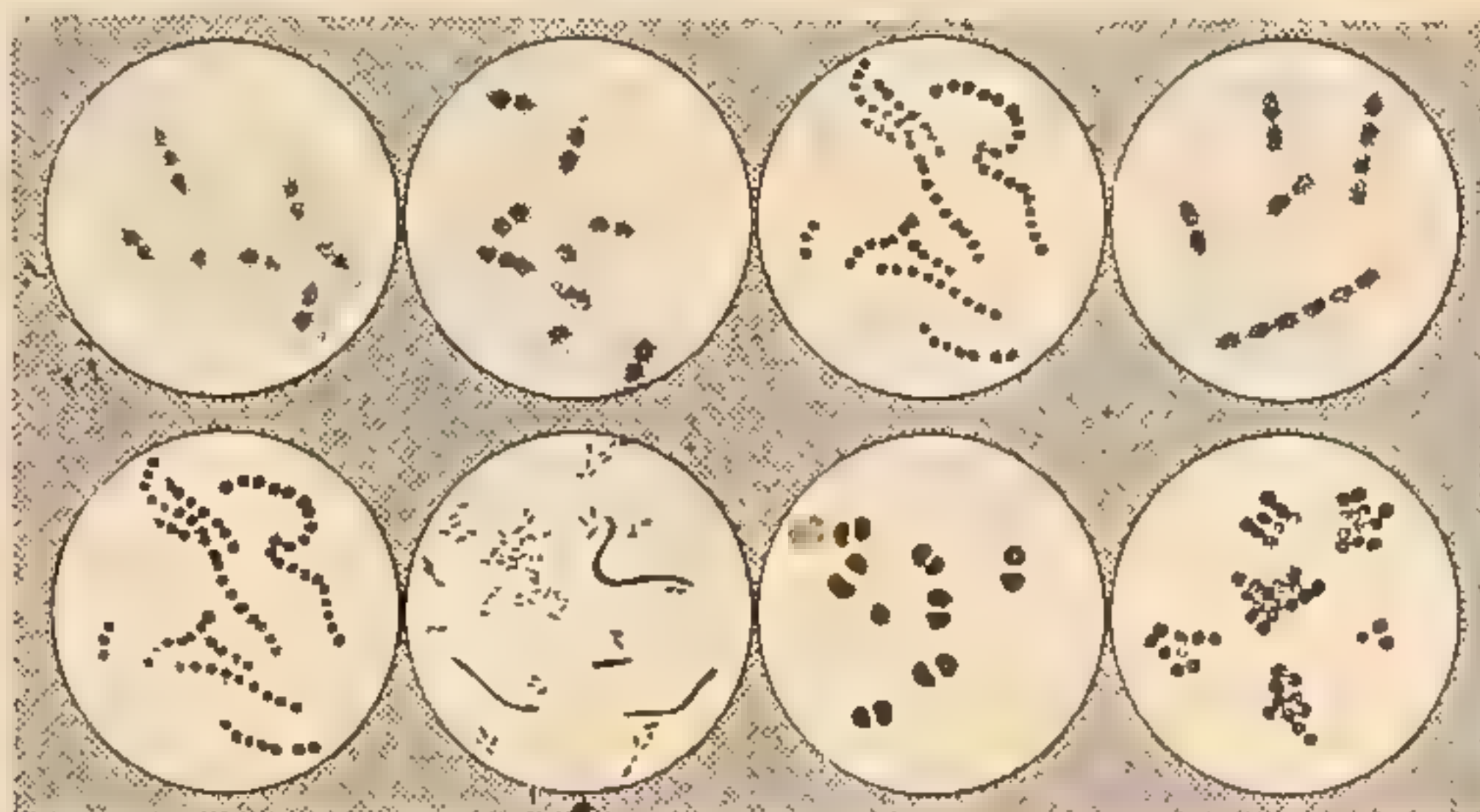
Tests made over a period of twelve years showed this remarkable record:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than those who did not gargle. Moreover, when Listerine Antiseptic users did have colds, they were usually milder and of shorter duration.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

SCREENLAND

The threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

You can see by their names that they're nothing to fool with. Millions of them can live on mouth and throat surfaces, waiting until body resistance is lowered to strike. You can realize the importance of the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic to try to keep their numbers reduced.



Beautiful!

THIS GIRL....!

Breathtaking in the wonder
of her loveliness!

THIS PICTURE....!

Glamorous in the magic of
its songs, stars, story!

Maureen *Dick*
O'HARA • HAYMES

Harry **JAMES** *in*

**Do You
Love Me**
in Technicolor!

*Beautiful
Songs!*

"I DIDN'T MEAN
A WORD I SAID"
by Jimmy McHugh
and Harold Adamson

"MOONLIGHT
PROPAGANDA"
by Herbert Magidson
and Matty Malneck

"DO YOU LOVE ME"
by Harry Ruby

"AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE
ENOUGH ON MY MIND"
by Harry James, Lionel
Newman and Charles
Henderson

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

with
REGINALD GARDINER • RICHARD GAINES • STANLEY PRAGER
and **HARRY JAMES' MUSIC MAKERS**
Directed by **GREGORY RATOFF** • Produced by **GEORGE JESSEL**
Screen Play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Based on a Story by Bert Granet
Dances Staged by Seymour Felix

The Editor's Page



AN OPEN LETTER TO GUY MADISON

BY NOW you must be good and tired of hearing yourself called "What a Guy" Madison all the time. I don't blame you. There never was a new young actor in a worse spot. What? Yes, I mean it. I know you jumped to popularity through just one sequence in just one picture, "Since You Went Away," that you're the new male excitement in Hollywood and that your fan mail is phenomenal. Ever since the gals saw you in that sailor suit, watched you move in on Jennifer Jones and

Bob Walker with such casual ease and charm, they have been screaming for more Madison. Just the same, I say you're in a tough spot. In your second picture you're the Star. With very little experience, and at a very callow age indeed, you will be carrying a big, fancy, expensive production on your shoulders. They're broad enough, but it takes more than mere physique to hold the audience you won in your first film.

Up against such competition as Dorothy McGuire, that rarely gifted actress and ex-



The Guy himself! Top, with his younger brother, Boatswain's Mate Wayne Mosely, on the set of "Till The End Of Time," at RKO. Might be a movie contract in the offing for Wayne, too. Above, newcomer Guy Madison listens attentively on the set as experienced actor, Bob Mitchum, discusses their next scene with Jean Porter.

pert technician, and Robert Mitchum, a new rave in his own way, and a salty and seasoned actor, you'll have to work hard to hold your own. I hear that you are; that you're sincere and earnest, and willing to learn. Good qualities—and backed up by the most impressive collection of masculine attractions discovered in years, you should win. Lest any one of your rabid femme fans should think I'm not on your side, let me tell them, and you, that even editors are not immune to a Guy Madison.

Delight Evans

THE BOYS ARE BACK!



Greetings to two grand guys, back in Hollywood after serving Uncle Sam: Red Skelton, whose amusing "come-back" interview appears on facing page, and Robert Taylor. You'll be seeing Bob soon in "You Were There," opposite Katharine Hepburn.



Red's former wife, Edna, with new hubby, Frank Borzage, and the new Mrs. Skelton and Red meet up at Mocambo. Exclusive Jack Albin photo.



First day back at MGM Studio, Red and his pretty new wife, the former Georgia Davis, visit Van Johnson on the "No Leave, No Love" set.

He's the same Red Skelton, only better. Read his first "return" interview

RED SKELTON, who entered the Army a private and came out a private, and says it's all in knowing the right people to talk back to, is picking up where he left off in Hollywood, and it's happy days again for all his cronies there and his fans everywhere. He's the same friendly, exuberant, fun-loving Irishman who took off in 1944 to do his bit for Uncle Sam. And now, running true to form, he's already into so many activities that you can hardly throw a stick without hitting him.

By
Gertrude
Shanklin



He rode down Hollywood's famous Santa Claus Lane on opening night with Santa in his sleigh, and gave the old boy as stiff competition as he'll ever get for popularity with the kids of all ages who crowd the boulevard to see this annual spectacle. On December 4th he came

back on the air with the same fast-moving, rib-tickling line of patter that's always panicked the listeners—only now it takes two—Grandma and Grandpa—instead of one to manage Junior. And he's back on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sound stages making "The Showoff"—his first picture since his honorable discharge from the Army in September, 1945.

Nevertheless, you'll be seeing him in "Ziegfeld Follies" in the first scene Red Skelton ever did in Hollywood—a test
(Please turn to page 71)



Red, who went into the Army as a private and came out as a private, and proud of it, is greeted on his return home by his wife and "Spatz," his pet bull-dog.

Hollywood Sees

Red

At last! A straight from the shoulder answer to your question:

By Alyce Canfield

VAN JOHNSON receives over 49,000 fan letters a month. He can't possibly read them all, much less answer them. Yet of these 49,000, Van answers a certain percentage every month. What is there about a letter from a fan that will inspire a busy, hard-working star to sit down and write that fan a letter? How do you go about writing a letter that will assure its being answered? A lot of eager young admirers would like to know the magic formula, so SCREENLAND queried six of our most popular stars to get it for you.

When the busy girls of Metro-Gold-

Ingrid Bergman is one of the most cooperative stars in Hollywood. She appreciates her fans' interest in her, takes time and trouble to answer really interesting letters.

wyn-Mayer's fan mail department go through the stacks of mail for Van Johnson, they are instructed by him to watch for letters which begin: "You remind me of my brother (or sweetheart, or son) who was killed while fighting..."

"It may be a gag," says Van, soberly, "but even if it isn't, I answer those letters because I wouldn't like to think I had missed answering someone who was writing me honestly. You see, I've always felt I was pretty lucky during this

Kathryn Grayson is always grateful for the advice which comes to her through fan letters. She reminds the boys of the naturally red-cheeked girl they want to marry.



HOW TO WRITE FAN LETTERS TO



Van Johnson appreciates all the gifts his fans send him, such as this beautiful pair of handknit hose he is trying on here, and never fails to acknowledge them.



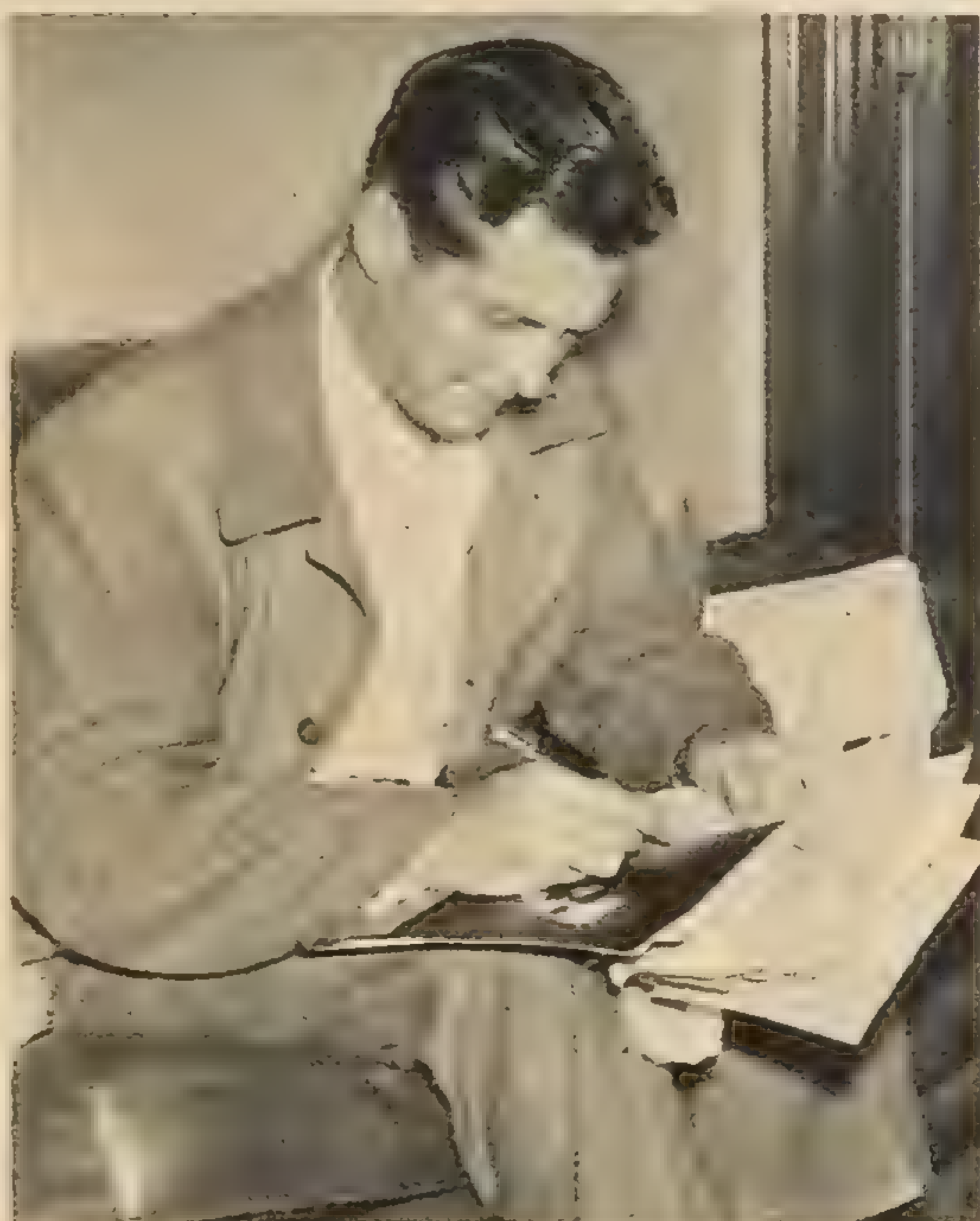
"Why don't the stars answer my letters?" from the stars themselves!

war. It didn't really touch me. My accident kept me out of the service. No one who was close to me went across. Therefore, I feel more strongly than most that I should do *every little thing* I can to help those who *were* hurt by the war.

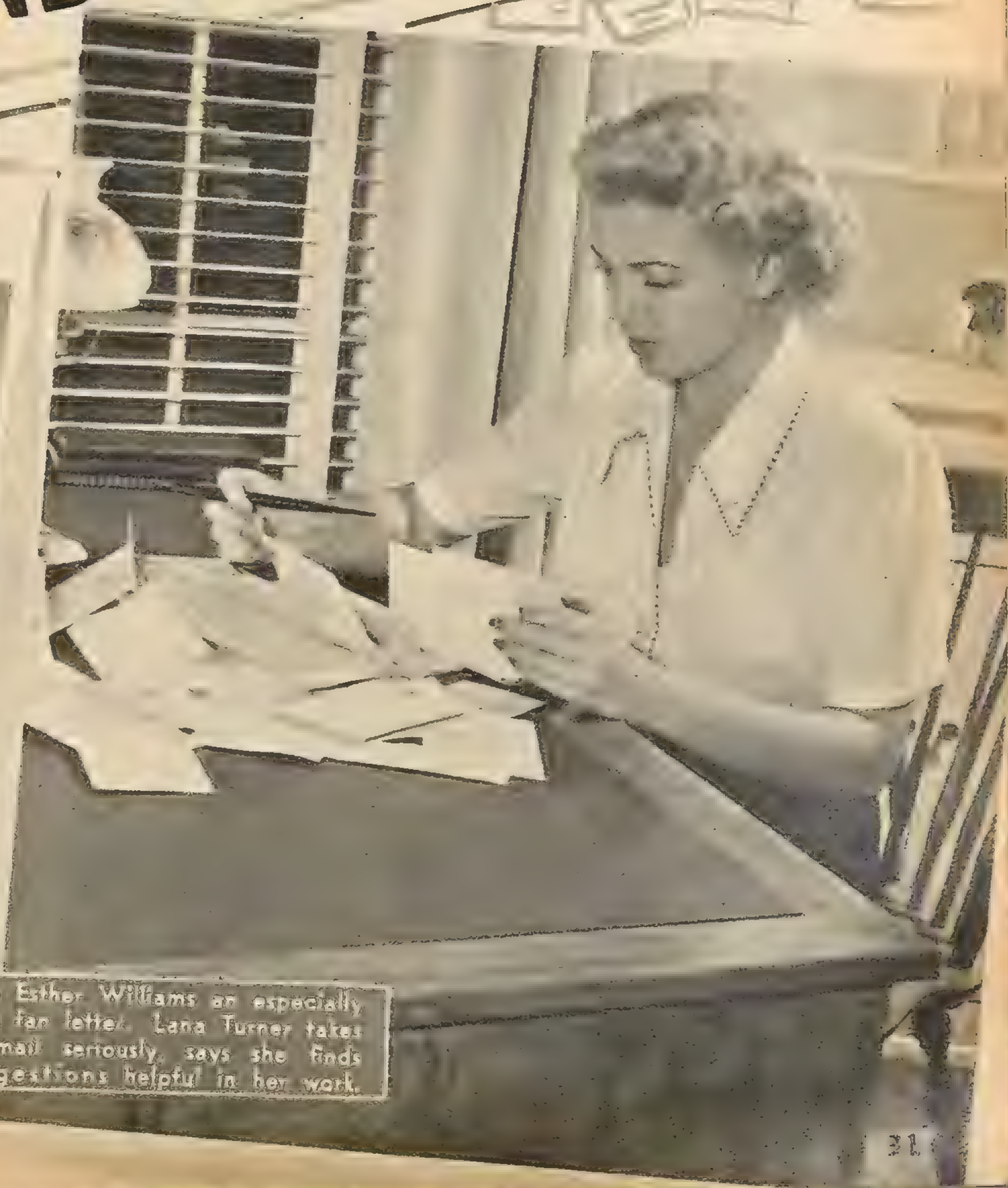
And writing letters to the people who actually lost someone is so little to do that I don't like to mention it."

It might be a "little" thing if Van didn't happen to be the prototype of
(Please turn to page 76)

Bob Cummings, below, tells you in our article the "Do's and Don't's" of fan letter-writing. You'll find his advice most helpful when you write your favorite star again.



THE STARS AND GET RESULTS!



Van shows Esther Williams an especially interesting fan letter. Lana Turner takes her fan mail seriously, says she finds fans' suggestions helpful in her work.



The Great Bergman

Winning fresh laurels in a new rôle: Ingrid co-stars with Cary Grant in Alfred Hitchcock's "Notorious," for RKO.

"SWEENEY TODD, the Mad Barber of Fleet Street" (matinees Wed. and Sat.) is now a Hollywood movie star. All of which is just another way of informing you that Mark Stevens, born Richard Stevens, who first took the name of Steve Richards, has finally been "discovered." Confusing, isn't it? But then, so is Mark in a charming, unpredictable sort of way.

Soon you'll be seeing Steve—Rick—and we *do* mean Mark, playing opposite Joan Fontaine in "From This Day Forward." Nice playing it is. Take it from Otto Preminger, who yearns to direct him, and John Berry, who recently finished, from this day forward

Mark Stevens with his pretty wife; and, below, with Joan Fontaine in the picture which "discovered" him: RKO's "From This Day Forward."

Mark Stevens is marked for future fame.

To "Sweeney Todd" Mark owes everything. Portraying this illustrious gentleman produced that first exquisite taste for histrionic "ham." The year was 1937. The place, Cleveland, Ohio, where Mark was born. Quite by accident he learned the local "Barrymore" was confined to a bed of pain. Being between jobs, an old Stevens custom, he saw no reason why he shouldn't try

to act. Besides, he had tried everything else.

Mark lied about his experience, landed the part, and in twenty-four hours flat completely memorized his lines. It was that final third act curtain that did it. Slowly, slowly it lowered, as he died a magnificent lingering death by slow strangulation. The audience went wild with appreciation. Never had he experienced such sweet surrender! From

(Please turn to page 94)

By Jerry Asher



Marked Man

Directors are saying that Stevens is marked for future fame, so we're giving you the low-down on Joan Fontaine's leading man





EARLY in Bing Crosby's Hollywood career he dubbed himself the laziest man in town, and Hollywood took him at his word. In a town where frenzied activity is accepted as the outward sign of inward ambition, this nonchalant young crooner, who never hurried, never got excited about anything, just didn't conform to the usual pattern for a rising star. A flash in the pan, they said. He wouldn't last long in pictures. But the years rolled along, and so did Bing, until now he's not only firmly planted on the top of

the ladder, but is practically an American institution.

Bing, who's never greatly impressed with anything, is least of all impressed by his own success. He claims he was lucky. When he first started in pictures, he used to take a lot of ribbing, and even got some letters from sourpusses who'd write: "I'd rather listen to Tibbett. Where did you get the idea that you could sing?" Instead of getting insulted at comments like this, Bing insisted they were perfectly right. "I just sing because I like to," he'd say.

Bing and Bob Hope, left, in their corny dance from "The Road To Utopia," said to be their last picture together. Paramount, say it isn't so.

Lazy-



"I do the best I can. If somebody wants to pay me for it, I'd be a chump not to accept. As long as I get paid for it, I'll sing in public. When they stop paying me, I'll sing for my own amusement." Fat chance he had of singing just for his own amusement!

Even today, Bing says he just coasted to fame and did no active work to get there. He says it was his sidelines that carried him along. While going to college, he played drums in an orchestra as a sideline. As a drummer, he tried singing for a sideline. As a

singer, he got on the radio. As a radio star, he made pictures on the side. Now, as both radio and picture star, he has so many sidelines that it makes the innocent bystander dizzy to hear about them, and they're all successful. Yet Bing, though he admits he's doing all right and is duly grateful for that, still insists he shouldn't be counted as a success, because that comes only through ambition—"and I'm the laziest man in town."

Well, Hollywood was a little slow in catching onto a modest character

like Bing Crosby, but nobody is fooled any longer by that "laziest man in town" gag. If Bing believes it himself, he's the only one. In addition to his picture and radio work, here are a few of his other activities: He's president of the Del Mar Turf Club, which, when wartime restrictions closed down racing, converted its buildings into a defense plant to make wing ribs for B-17's. Now that their work is finished, racing has been resumed there. He's part owner of the Binglin

(Please turn to page 85)


Claims he's just lazy—and lucky. Says he sings because he likes to, just does the best he can. Well, if that's all it takes, let's all relax, like Crosby

By Rae Pickett

Like a Fox



Once in a while, Bing gets around to visiting his ranch. Here are exclusive pictures showing Crosby puttering around the place. He doesn't pretend to go there to work, but—you've guessed it—just to relax. Latest Crosby screen items: "The Road To Utopia" and "Blue Skies."



IT EMBARRASSES him, but doesn't embarrass me at all, that even my husband's competitors refer to him as a genius.

When Preston protests, "I'm not a deep-dish man—I only skim the surface," other people differ with him, saying that pictures like "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek," "Hail The Conquering Hero" and that new hilarious film, "The Sin Of Harold Diddlebock," probe with sharp wit the foibles of human beings—and make us like it.

Perhaps I'm prejudiced, being Mrs. Sturges, but I think the man is at least as interesting as his best work. I think that the amount and quality of work he can turn out stems from what he *is*. Preston experienced the most remarkable childhood any man ever had. He developed early a restless and adventurous spirit—always shooting the moon and backing his dreams against odds. He believes, almost like a religion, that every piece of work should measure up to his full-limit best.

Those reasons help explain why this six-foot gentleman with the keen brown eyes can *write, direct and produce* all at the same time. (He has proved to Hollywood that a movie needn't be patched together by a committee.) Other factors in his life show why *people* have become his books (he reads a person as avidly as most fans read a detective thriller) and why, therefore, he can do far-out-of-the-ordinary casting. His keenness discovers in actors possibilities that other people, and they themselves, had overlooked. Examples of this include: starring virtually unknown Veronica Lake in "Sullivan's Travels"; uncovering a new Rudy Vallee in "The Palm Beach Story"; revealing Barbara Stanwyck's true glamor in "The Lady Eve"; bringing out, in several pictures, the stellar comedy talent of Eddie Bracken; highlighting in "Hail The Conquering Hero" that attractive star personality, Freddy Steele, who then went on to do fine work in "The Story Of G.I. Joe." Now Preston has lured out of retirement one of the kings of all funnymen, Harold Lloyd, who's funnier than ever in "Diddlebock."

SCREENLAND's editor asked me, "Will you give our readers a closeup of your exciting husband?" Before we cut back to the very young Preston Sturges, maybe you would like to make his acquaintance in the somewhat haphazard manner I did. Lila Lee, a mutual friend (well-known actress of silent picture days), first introduced us. Then Gouverneur Morris, the famous author, introduced us again and Preston, evidently not lavishing a great deal of attention on me, assumed I was one of Mr. Morris' daughters!

Some time after that we lived fifty feet apart for several years. He had dachshunds and I had a cat—and no *entente cordiale* developed.

At another time, Preston was brought to my home by a friend just when I was much excited about a new stove I'd got—gleaming porcelain, fancy trim and bright gadgets. "Wouldn't you like to see my new stove?" I asked.

Mr. Sturges, raising his eyebrows,

**Can a famous
Hollywood
producer be
a hero in his
own home?
Yes, it says
here—when
he is daring,
dynamic Pres-
ton Sturges**



Geniuses **NEVER GROW UP**

By MRS. PRESTON STURGES

walked boredly from parlor to kitchen, eyed my pride and joy, then gave judgment coldly: "I don't like stoves that look like radios."

I was so angry I threw a blank for the next two hours. Others talked; I choked. Finally the visitor himself, moving to the piano, tried to break the ice. "I thought of a little melody today," he announced with a polite smile. "I'll play it."

Having done so, he swung on the piano stool, naïve and pleased as a small boy. "Like it?"

"It's very good." Here was revenge, and I pitched my voice to be sweetly cutting. "It was also good when Schubert used it as the theme of 'The Unfinished Symphony.'"

Of course Preston's subconscious had

played him a trick, as anyone's mind is likely to do about tunes. I didn't realize until years later that the charge of unoriginality was probably the worst wound I could have offered. The man's original! He left almost at once that night, (Please turn to page 80)

Latest Sturges production, "The Sin Of Harold Diddlebock," celebrates the come-back of Harold Lloyd, once the movies' leading comedian.





Mrs. Sturges, charming hostess and understanding wife, looks on as Preston huddles with their handsome young son in the Sturges fifty-six foot long living room.

Exclusive home pictures -
by Jack Albin



Preston Sturges in his den library, seated on the ladder given to him by all his co-workers of his various pictures. Note the name-plates of his successful movies on each step.



Sturges in his workshop, above, with one of his new inventions in the model stage. Left, he breakfasts with his son in the playroom. Note the novel pedestal bowl holding fruit on the coffee table.



Jane Russell, snapped at Ciro's by our Albin just before she left the Hollywoods to join her adored husband, Bob Waterfield, famed football pro, in the midwest. Jane, star of "The Outlaw" and "Young Widow," will soon be seen—positively—on the screen after years of publicity build-up. At left below, belle of the younger café society set is Diana Lynn, here decked out in dizzy new bonnet. Below, Alexis Smith (Mrs. Craig Stevens) in carnival mood at night spot.

STARS
in your
EYES





Ginger Rogers, above, in a mad, mad hat, celebrates hubby Jack Briggs' return to civilian status with a gay evening on the town. Jack isn't brooding about that hat—he's just deep in plans for film productions sponsored by family group: Ginger, Jack, Ginger's mother Lela Rogers. At right, what a hat, what a gal! Brand new, beautiful closeup by Jack Albin of Lana Turner in her new Walter Florell lid. Below, ever-lovely and lovin' Linda Darnell with proud hubby Pev Marley.



And stars in their eyes, too,
as the Hollywood pets prove that
all work and no play can be
pretty dull — and so they play

This Is So Sudden!

And the whirlwind romance and marriage of Mona Freeman is also sweet. Exclusive interview with the beautiful bride
By Constance Palmer



I DIDN'T realize how much I loved Pat until after we were married!"

Mona Freeman, whose career belongs to Paramount and whose heart is Pat Nearney's, actually didn't have time to think about it. For one thing, she'd never been in love, so how was she to know? Oh, yes, she'd been in a swirl of dates since she was fifteen—dances, beach-parties, movies—all the gay busy-ness that fills the days and evenings of a girl as delicately lovely, charming and well-bred as Mona is. Fun, indeed—but not love, the solid, adult kind. Mona's heart just hadn't grown up yet.

And for another thing, being engaged only a week doesn't give a girl time to meditate much. There's the dress to think of, and the veil and the ring and the church and the reception and where to go for the honeymoon and where to live when they got back. It's a wonder Mona kept her head at all—not to mention a word about examining the state of her heart!

It happened like this: "People had
(Please turn to page 92)

Mona Freeman and Pat Nearney were engaged only a week before their marriage at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills (top). Since then Mona has been busy in her first really important rôle—in "Black Beauty," in which she plays the English girl who owns the most famous horse in all literature. Pat spent all the time he could spare from his job visiting Mona on location.





He's
"The Kid
From
Brooklyn"

**Coming attraction:
a new Danny Kaye comedy**

Danny, the "Wonder Man," stars in Samuel Goldwyn's latest lavish musical, "The Kid from Brooklyn." As in the previous Kaye comedy, the amazing zany will be supported by pretty Virginia Mayo and pert Vera-Ellen.



Color photos
by Hal McAlpin

Ranching With

By Jack Holland

THE Rogue River in Oregon boasts many natural attractions, not the least of which is its scenery. But there are some natives up there, especially those just across the California line, who will say, "You bet your life we've got scenery—but we've also got Ginger Rogers!"

Somehow, you'd think that the very feminine and glamorous Ginger Rogers would be the last person in the world to own a ranch. But she does and is proud to count herself as one of the residents of the Rogue River. Thinking of her as a farmer lass, even if it is only on vacation periods, is still as incongruous, however, as thinking of Jimmy Durante playing a Van Johnson rôle.

I finally got the chance to talk to Ginger on the set of her current picture, the Hakim-Wood production of "Heartbeat." It was a case of seeing her then or sometime in 1947, for she isn't a person to stay in one spot for long. As a matter of fact, she was getting ready to go to the ranch when I talked to her.

"I honestly think that of all my material possessions, the ranch is my biggest thrill," Ginger began enthusiastically. "To own one had always been a secret desire of mine. Yet I never told a soul about it. Perhaps because I didn't want to listen to a lot of idle talk and advice as to why I would be foolish to buy a ranch. After all, my main reason in getting it was to have a place to go for a change of season, a vacation spot away from crowded resorts where I could

We're first in the field to present pictures of Ginger in her favorite hideout, her ranch in Oregon. "Here—is home," says Ginger. Here also is a place for healthy exercise, lazy loafing, just plain living.



Ginger

**"You bet your life we've got scenery,"
say the Oregon natives, "but we've
also got Ginger Rogers." And
Ginger is just as proud of her Rogue
River neighbors as they are of her**

have seclusion and where I could go in for my favorite outdoor sports. And I knew that no matter what advice I might get, I wouldn't change my mind. I feel that it's important for anyone close to Hollywood to get away from the town rather frequently. You need the kind of a stimulant that only a change of scenery and a change in people can give you. And since I like the simple life, as bromidic as that may sound, the ranch has been my answer.

"I'd like to say that I did the 'shopping' for it because I would have enjoyed that, but I was so busy with pictures that it was impossible for me to leave town long enough. It was my mother who finally located the ranch. After a good deal of looking, she found it just across the California border in Oregon. The place is right on the beautiful Rogue River and is sixty miles from famous Crater Lake. The river, in fact, runs through the *(Please turn to page 68)*

Exclusive photos show the famous Miss Rogers as just a ranch gal. She really likes to rough it, always keeps busy while she's there. "When I'm at the ranch," she says, "I forget all about Hollywood and movies."





Meet newcomer Ivan Kirov, ballet dancer to be seen on screen for first time in Ben Hecht's "Specter Of The Rose"

Dance-mad America will welcome a new star, maybe, when Ivan Kirov leaps into movies by way of Ben Hecht's first production for Republic. Young, rugged, romantic, and a brilliant dancer, Kirov comes to Hollywood by way of the ballet theater. Above, dancer Alice Canero, five feet tall, lifts the six-foot-three, 190 pounds of Kirov. Center above, Kirov and his partner, lovely Viola Essen, also a new Hecht discovery.

Leaping for FAME



Joan Fontaine

Portrait of the lovely lady who will next be seen
in "From This Day Forward," with Mark Stevens


Ty RETURNS



Welcome back to that fine actor and Powerful personality, whose new picture will be "The Razor's Edge," from W. Somerset Maugham's sensational book



These pictures tell their own story. Top, Lt. Tyrone Power arrives at San Pedro, California, from overseas, gets heartfelt greeting from his wife, Annabella, right. Studies script of "return" picture and, above, congratulates those happy newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brinkman (Jeanne Crain). Upper right, attending first movie premiere since return, with Mrs. Power and her mother.



T. W. M. E. B. *

Painted from life by Andrew Loomis

* **The World's Most
Exciting Brunette**
JANE RUSSELL

So thrillingly alive—she couldn't live without love! So breathlessly beautiful—she couldn't escape from men! So tensely dramatic you'll always remember her—and this great new hit!

Produced by
HUNT STROMBERG

**★ Young
Widow ★**

Starring

JANE RUSSELL **LOUIS HAYWARD**

with **FAITH DOMERGUE** • **KENT TAYLOR**
MARIE WILSON • **CONNIE GILCHRIST**

and
PENNY SINGLETON

Directed by **Edwin L. Marin** Released thru **United Artists**

Lee Garmes, A.S.C. Director of Photography
Screenplay by **Richard Macaulay** and
Margaret Buell Wilder
Additional Dialogue by
Ruth Nordli



When Dorothy demanded to play the heroine in "Till The End Of Time," her producer said, "But it will be Guy Madison's picture. The part's not big enough for you." So—Dorothy is playing it. Here she is, with co-star Guy.

By Hattie Bilson

THE REAL MCGUIRE

If you thought you had Dorothy tagged Young Character Star, read this. You'll change your mind

New young male rave-of-the-moment Madison checks up with Dorothy on the still photographs, taken of them the day before during their scenes.

IF EVER you attempt to fit Dorothy McGuire into any of the categories generally reserved for Ladies of the Cinema, we warn you, you'll wish you hadn't. None of the standard labels will stick. McGuire is like nobody but McGuire.

Hollywood thought it had her neatly tagged Young Character Star. Whenever an unusual rôle came along, par-

ticularly one requiring a sensitive interpretation, the call went out for Dorothy. And Dorothy loved it. Recently, however, she burst into the office of producer Dore Schary and announced, "I don't mind character parts but I re-

Nice work, left, for Madison and McGuire. Below, Director Edward Dmytryk coaches his young co-stars for next scene for "Till The End Of Time."



fuse to be typed! You've got to do something! I want to be attractive in at least one picture!"

Before the bewildered Mr. Schary could remove his reading glasses Dorothy's interest was switched to the title of the script in his hands, "Till The End Of Time." "The heroine is a gorgeous well-dressed kid of twenty-two with a mouth you've got to kiss," she read from the title sheet. "M-m-m," mused Dorothy, ruffling her bangs until they stood straight up over one eye, a sure sign of excitement with her. "This is it! She's the girl I want to play!"

The producer looked as though he had just acquired his first ulcer. "But the part's not big enough for you! Guy Madison will have the dominant rôle!"

"That's not important," countered Dorothy cheerfully, "as long as the part is exciting!"

"Exciting! You never know what this girl is going to do next!"

"Sounds perfect," said Dorothy. "Thanks ever so much," and she was on her way, script tucked securely under her arm.

The independent spirit that is the very essence of her Irish charm refuses to consider anything or anyone important merely because others have proclaimed them so. She may hold you spellbound for hours while weaving eloquent magic around the most ordinary topics. Or she may throw up her hands and say, "I can't talk any more," in
(Please turn to page 74)

Guy and Dorothy rehearse the waltz they dance in an important sequence for their picture. You see Miss McGuire in an attractive, gay get-up for a change.



Pink of Perfection

Woodbury

Flesh



LANA TURNER

... of the rosebud skin! Capture her look of pink-toned perfection, of bewitch-and-bewilder beauty—with Woodbury Film-Finish FLESH! Luscious, petal-soft pink—so color-full—thanks to exclusive Film-Finish blending. Pretty in the box . . . AND . . . color-true on your skin! Compare its velvet texture—more flattering than the powder you're wearing. And Woodbury color stays-fresh . . . its cling masks tiny flaws for hours. Choose from 8 Star-excitement shades.

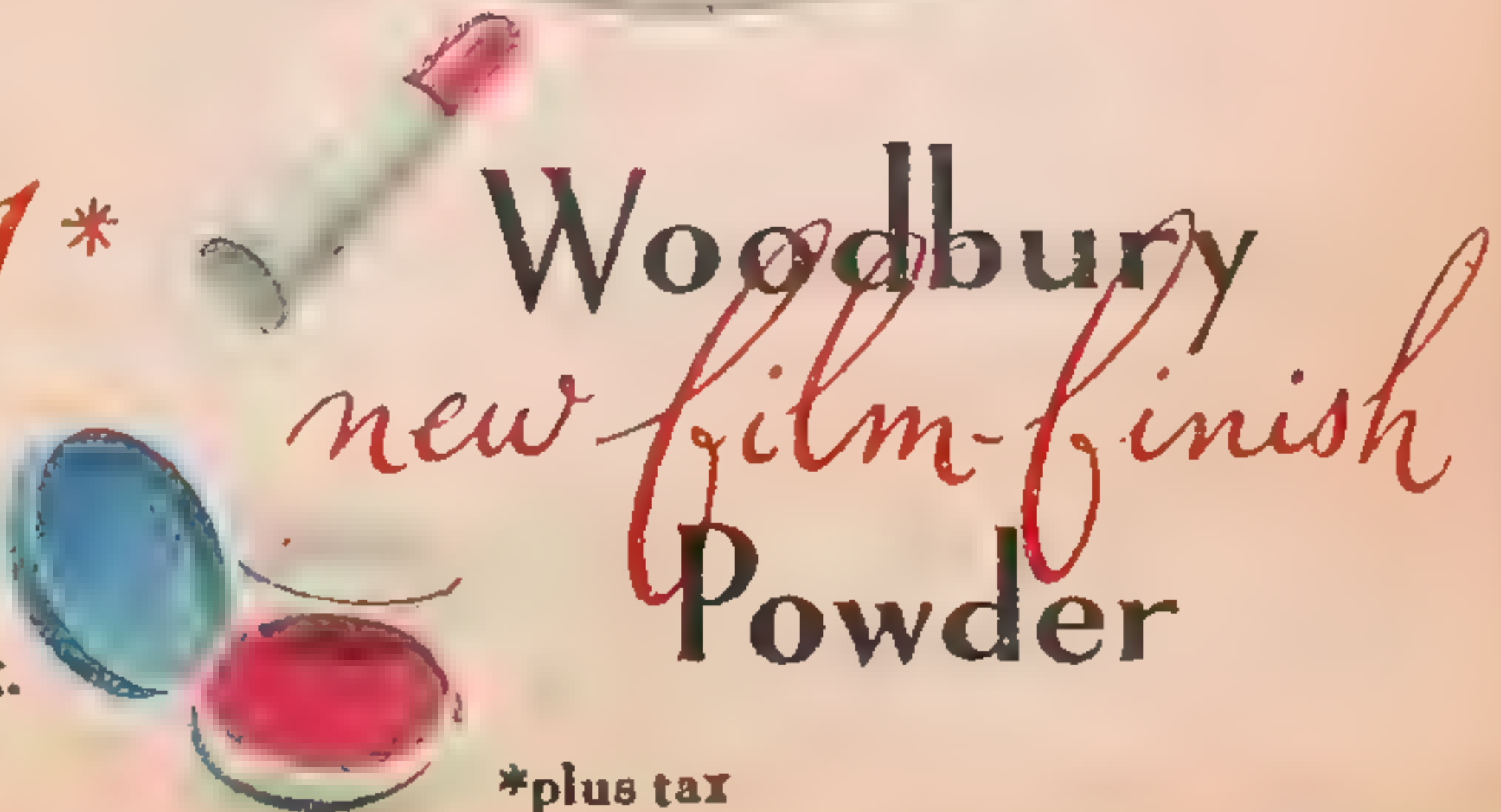
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This is What I Believe

By JOHN GARFIELD

WHEN I have read other articles in this series on "This Is What I Believe," I have admired the courage of SCREENLAND in dealing with subjects so serious and so important that one does not expect to find them handled in a movie magazine at any time. In all the years I have been in pictures, I cannot recall ever being asked my opinions on such subjects by an interviewer. It is good for a change to be given the opportunity to express one's convictions about such subjects as life, death, religion and immortality. I find it exciting to know that the readers of this magazine are interested in what movie personalities really think on these subjects. It must mean that they themselves are groping toward an understanding of these very serious topics.

Although I've never before talked about these subjects for publication, I have strong convictions which I sometimes discuss with my closest friends.

"I have strong convictions which I sometimes discuss with my closest friends.

Now for the first time I shall try to put them down on paper," says Garfield.

And here they are, as the latest article in a series we are proud to present

Now for the first time I shall try to put them down on paper.

Life. I am not a fatalist. I believe that man to a large extent makes his own destiny. I believe that the influence of environment is very great; that heredity is not nearly so important.

I believe in the Golden Rule. I believe you should treat people the way you expect to be treated. I believe in a sense of decency, coupled with realism. If you're sure the other person is out to take advantage of you, I think you should beat him to the punch. If someone slaps your cheek, I do not believe in turning the other cheek. Slap

him back instead, just as fast as you can.

I believe that most people are fundamentally good; that there are no bad people to begin with, but that people can eventually be made bad by certain conditions. The people in Germany were starved for some kind of philosophy and got Fascism and Nazism because they had not been trained to think for themselves. They asked for bread, and they got a stone—a stone of hatred and intolerance.

I was brought up with the philosophy of an Italian school principal, Angelo
(Please turn to page 88)



New rôle for Garfield: the philandering vagabond opposite Lana Turner as the cheating wife in MGM's realistic screen version of James Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice." It's John's strongest part in a long time; ditto for lovely Lana.

It's A Picnic!



★

Alan and Mrs. Ladd ride into San Fernando Valley to find a picnic spot. Alan rides very well and is shown, left, at full gallop on the way to picnic spot. (An "action shot" like this is very rare, as horse has all four feet off the ground.) The Ladds stop to let their horses rest and incidentally to feed themselves an excellent picnic lunch. So excellent, in fact, that Alan had to snatch a few winks before riding home, hand in hand.

★



Alan Ladd and his lady, sweet Sue,
invite you to come along on their
day off outdoors. After finishing
"Blue Dahlia" Laddie wanted relaxation,
got it on this gay excursion



Exclusive
photos by
Jack Albin



THE "NEW"

Vic Mature



Once publicized as "Hollywood's No. 1 Wolf," Vic comes out of the Coast Guard a changed man. All his fans will like the Mature who, home from the wars, is making his movie reappearance in "The High Window"

By Lupton A. Wilkinson

THAT Man, as every movie-loving person knows, is back again. He's starring in "The High Window," one of those wham-bang murder stories of the type in which Fred MacMurray, E. G. Robinson and Dick Powell have been glowering to higher fame. Note that none of these are really tough boys. They merely are able to enact any kind of rôle so long as it teems with

masculinity and *life*. They can play the cop or the robber, and they can play romance. That's Victor, too, and this writer has known him since he first flashed that big smile and strode those giant shoulders through Hollywood.

Do you remember Vic's early publicity campaign in films? It was wished on him by advisers who said, "What do you care if people hate you? If they hate you enough, they'll come to your pictures to glare at you."

Vic had been simonizing cars, cleaning

wall-paper and dish-washing to pay his way through the Pasadena Playhouse School. ("And then," he recalls, "I finished my final term owing my landlady \$19.00.") So he told his advisers, "Sure, I can take it." Thus was born of press agents, the brash, wise-cracking, almost bullying figure that did arouse some people temporarily to dislike him. He's naturally independent, but not brash, and there's no bully in him, of



Man of all work Mature, living in his dressing-room at 20th Century-Fox during the housing shortage, starts off his day doing the usual chores. Exclusive photos show him answering early morning studio call, bringing in the milk, cooking his own breakfast, dunking his own unmentionables, catching a shave—with side glances at photo stuck in the mirror of himself with June Haver. Finally, original of that same photo, showing Vic on his most important recent date, a film première with pretty June.



course—there never is in any brave man.

The wiser movie-goers watched the camera pierce that swaggering exterior and reveal the good-fellowship, kindness and humor that are so much part of this actor. All fans will like the Vic who, home from the wars, is making his re-début in "The High Window."

Has he changed? Of course he has. He's harder. (He's bigger, too.) Everyone who went through protracted danger and fire is in some way hardened. But you can grow hard for better or for

worse and the vast majority of Americans who came home from the armed services are harder in the sense that they face realities, and their experiences have given them a new and—shall we say higher?—sense of values.

You'd know what's meant there if you could hear Vic, once billed in publicity as "Hollywood's No. 1 Wolf," talk with tenderness, almost reverence, of beautiful, blonde, blue-eyed June Haver. "She is so innocent," he says. "She is so fresh and clean. She makes you want

to be a better guy." Shades of a wolf!

Let's recap a little on Vic—he's been away a long, long time. Remember? His father, an Austrian army officer (there's French and Swiss blood in Vic, too) resigned to breathe America's freer air; found the going so tough he was a scissors-grinder in Louisville, Kentucky; trundled that push-cart into a fine cutlery business; branched into modern lines like commercial refrigeration; became prosperous and re-won in conservative


(Please turn to page 82)

Designed especially for the
romantic redhead, Lucille Ball,


these dreamy costumes
emphasize the postwar elegance

Sophisticate's Fashions


Lucille plays the sophisticated heroine opposite John Hodiak in "Time For Two." In her formal appearances as Mrs. Desi Arnaz she wears this creation of black mouselline de soie over flesh-colored chiffon. A trio of paper thin shell pink roses, one caught at the waistline, the other two cascading down full skirt, give the glamor touch.



Here, left, is Lucille's conversation-piece "Hands Off" dress. Brilliantly tipped scarlet fingernails set off the sequin patches which form the rings on the stenciled hands creating the amusing pattern of this white dinner gown. Chic trick is to have the fingernail polish match that of the stenciled fingers in the design.



Simplicity of design, but of the smartest, sets off the striking sheer wool one-piece dress at right, in the star's favorite color, aquamarine. Sharp V-neckline, full sleeves forming into form-fitting points at the wrist and a single cord tie for a belt put this gown into the ultra-sophisticated class.



Again the wide armhole appears, in the soft blue wool suit worn above by Miss Ball. And again the keynote is simplicity, with the distinguished lines of the suit set off by the snood-like beret. All these exclusive costumes worn by the star were created for her by Don, Ltd. All jewels by Lackritz.



The mad Marxes: Harpo, Chico, and Groucho, shown in those stunning closeups above, have made their first movie in almost five years. Produced by David Loew for United Artists, "A Night In Casablanca" is a crazy mystery set in postwar Morocco.



Up to his old tricks and complete with famous wolfish leer is the great Groucho, seen above in a tender moment with Lisette Verea, Hollywood newcomer from Roumania. At left above, the authentic romantic interest is invested in a personable new team: Charles Drake and Lois Collier. At right, Chico catches up with Lisette, not only making with the wolf call but wearing the pelt as well. Below, the brothers compete for the attention of sirenish Verea.



Photo Reviews

Funniest movie in months is "A Night In Casablanca," with the Marx Brothers, according to grapevine. Here are highlights from the zanies' new comedy

Yes, Chico plays the piano and Harpo coaxes beautiful music from his golden harp, but right here the boys are busy with even more interesting work, as Mlle. Veree weaves lithely through an Oriental dance routine.



Groucho meets a new beauty, Ruth Roman, decorative addition to the hilarious harem scenes in the new Marx Brothers comedy. At left, Harpo after a successful pursuit eyes pretty Toni Gilman in the typical Marx manner.



JUST before Joan Crawford started her rôle of the dipsomaniac in "Humoresque," she was invited to a party. The hostess said she'd arrange for a young man to pick her up. When said young man turned out to be one Cary Grant, Joan wasn't exactly unhappy! Since then Joan and Cary have been seen taking Sunday afternoon drives through the Brentwood hills. These two, who have really run the Hollywood gamut, should have a great deal in common. Not to coin a phrase, time will tell.

WITH open arms, Hollywood welcomed Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., his wife and children. They're back in their Riviera home, the one rented by Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton when they were happy as larks. Douglas found his house in such perfect condition, he sent

Cary a silver cigarette case. It was inscribed, "To the best housekeeper in Hollywood." Now that his honorable Navy career is behind him, you'll soon be seeing Doug in his first post-war movie, "The Adventures of Sinbad."

ALAUGHING, lovelier Rita Hayworth than we've seen for many a day, has been making the rounds with handsome Tony Martin. The former singer is back at MGM, after acquitting himself admirably in the armed forces, and is about to sing for his supper once again. Rita makes a well-deserved post-war project for Tony. They're our favorite eyeful these Hollywood evenings.

NOW that David Niven is back in Hollywood, it's a pretty nice world. He's co-starring with Loretta Young in

Gossip by Weston East

"The Perfect Marriage," and though he looks thinner and a bit older after his five years in service, he's lost none of that irresistible Niven charm. The first day he returned to the Goldwyn studios they had a big welcome home sign out in front. There was a canvas set chair with his name on it and his name plate on his dressing room door. "Sam Goldwyn rushed out and gave me a particularly warm greeting," grins David. "He told me how much he had missed me, how

Reading from left at top of page: Walter Slezak and wife catch up with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., recently returned from the wars; Betty Hutton at the buffet table bubbling for the benefit of her husband, Ted Briskin, and Nigel Bruce; the Sonny Tufts dine out; Walter Wanger and wife Joan Bennett at the Mocambo; Ella Raines, now a divorcee, steps out with Phil Reed; Norma Shearer visits a nightspot with husband Martin Arrouge. Seen at right enjoying each other's company are Rita Hayworth, who recently separated from her husband (Orson Welles), and Tony Martin, who has just returned to Hollywood after three years of service in the Army's China-Burma-India theater.





Here's Hollywood

badly he needed me—and then announced he was loaning me out immediately, to Paramount!" No, Niven (or Goldwyn) hasn't changed a bit.

BEING opposites in type and temperament, their Hollywood friends were sure that Hedy Lamarr and John Loder would have a lasting marriage. Evidently the quiet-mannered, well-balanced Loder finally rebelled against Hedy's charming whimsicalities. He left their house on the

very day Hedy's adopted son, Jamesie, was seriously hurt in an automobile accident. It occurred after John had departed but the close timing still didn't help matters. Even if a reconciliation takes place, the lasting possibilities are doubtful.

THAT new contract Dennis Morgan just signed with Warner Bros. proves how popular he is at the box office. They gave him everything he asked for and

Dennis wasn't modest. They've promised him the rôle of the Scotsman in "The Hasty Heart" and may even send him to England to shoot it. For a guy who arrived in Hollywood with \$2 in his pocket, Dennis is doing all right.

CONTRARY to rumor that Cornel Wilde had reconsidered doing "Margie" and was turned down by director Henry King, Cornel is still very much on suspension—but a friendly sus-





Joan Davis and Bob Hope, voted the best comics on the airwaves, don their respective crowns as King and Queen of Comedy. At left below, Joan and Lon McAllister meet at party; right, the Zachary Scotts.



star he is today. The rôle in "Margie" would have only sent him down the ladder again. He explained all this to his studio and as a result, Glenn Langan, the former doorman of Grauman's Chinese Theater, gets a well-deserved chance.

FOR two solid weeks the studio tried to reach Eleanor Parker at home. Her maid would always take the message; Eleanor was always out, she would call back. Naturally the studio was bewildered and suspicious when this would happen early in the morning. Now the secret is out. Eleanor is the bride of Bert Friedlob, wealthy merchant and man

pension (if there is such a thing). After five sensational starring rôles in million dollar productions, Cornel couldn't bring himself to play a rôle which seemed to him colorless and uninteresting and subordinate to Jeanne Crain. He also feels the fans and exhibitors have played a great part in making him the popular

Group at left: William Eythe, Buff Cobb, Clifton Webb and the Reginald Gardiners. Center, the Dennis O'Keefes (Steffi Duna). Right, the Kay Kysers (Georgia Carroll) enjoy a day at the Santa Anita racetracks.

about Hollywood. This union makes her a sister-in-law to ex-movie star June Travis, who is married to Bert's brother. In the meantime, Eleanor's ex-boy friend, Joe Kirkwood, Jr., is whispering sweet nothings into Martha Vickers' ear. Right on the very same sound stages where he used to dream it up with Eleanor!



SOMEONE evidently has a grudge against the very nice Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell. Current rumors are almost too ridiculous to bear denying. However, just to please the Fords and you fans who have written them inquiring letters, they aren't divorcing. Glenn hasn't taken a drink (remember he was given a medical discharge from the Marine Corps because of a stomach disorder), Eleanor isn't displeased at his gambling. He just bought a new home and can't afford it. So let's have no more of this foolishness.

MARK STEVENS' love scenes with Lucille Ball were the most agonizing moments he's ever experienced. Not that he wasn't happy with the bouncing Ball in "The Dark Corner." But the day he had to whisper sweet nothings into Lucy's shell-like ear was the day Mark had three boils lanced. That's what we call really doing it the hard way!

CUTEST couple around Hollywood is Joan Loring and handsome Harry Lewis. The other night they were parked out in front of Joan's house when a mad dog suddenly appeared out of nowhere. He wouldn't go away and they were afraid to make a dash for it. They remained in the parked car for hours. Harry said he thoroughly enjoyed every "mad" moment of it!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was complaining (a little) about her personal physician. "He prescribes wonderful pink pills for everyone else," said Claudette about her doctor-husband, "but when I complain, this is what I get." She held up a beautiful white orchid. "Quite a bedside manner," we remarked to Claudette. When we walked away she was still grinning.

TYPICAL of Hollywood, the day Bill Prince left to star in Frank Ross' New York stage production of "Judy O'Conner," Bill got calls from three studios. John Berry, brilliant young director who just finished megaphoning "From This Day Forward," has been borrowed to direct the stage show. Rest assured it will bring Bill Prince back to Hollywood to follow up on the wonderful impression he made in "From Pillow to Post" and "Objective Burma." Good luck to Bill, who is one of our special favorites.

ADDED scenes for "A Stolen Life" (started over a year ago) interrupted the Bette Davis-William Grant Sherry honeymoon. Leaving New Hampshire they drove all the way across United States to Hollywood. The day they arrived, Bette received such an enticing offer for "Riverbottom," her valley home, she signed the bill of sale. From now on Laguna Beach will be headquarters, except when Bette is making a picture. Then they'll live in a Hollywood apartment.

ABIG capital "L" plays an important part in Bob Hutton's life right now, because it stands for Love and Lana. Just before she stepped into the plane that carried her on the first lap of her South American vacation, the little



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Turner girl extracted a promise from Bob. He isn't going to have any dates while she is gone, except with a masculine companion. The plane took off before *he* had a chance to make *her* promise to turn her pretty back on those gay caballeros!

HOLLYWOOD began buzzing when Tom Drake made a public appearance with a dazzling wind-blown brunette. Everyone thought all was calm and quiet on the Drake domestic front. And so it is. Tom's lovely wife, Chris, is no longer a blonde. It's made such a great change in her appearance that no one recognizes her. Tom, by the way, who is a very model young man these days, has taken off much weight and looks trim and healthy.

VAN JOHNSON'S unexplained absence from the Hollywood scene and subsequent appearance in Chicago and later in New York (where Sonja Henie and her ice revue were appearing) immediately revived those marriage rumors. The press pounced on Van en masse and tried to pin him down to a statement. Sonja taught him how to skate—which made them just pals, Van said in way of explanation. Kind of a long way to go for just a skating lesson, don't you think?

JOAN LESLIE's current "engagement" to Capt. Glenn Edwards has roused all the "Irish" in her. Someone brought the Captain on the set of "Two Guys from Milwaukee." Joan was asked to pose with him in a still picture, which she graciously did. Then he asked for an autographed photograph, which she signed, "With best wishes, Sincerely, Joan Leslie." Hardly the gentle words of a lady in love. The Captain sent several letters and made long distance phone calls after he left town. Actually Joan never had a single date with him at any time.

SUCH a merry little mixup took place at *The Beverly Hills Club* recently. Evelyn Keyes (who used to be married to director Charles Vidor) came in with Peter Lawford. They sat opposite Vidor, who is now married to Mervyn LeRoy's ex-wife, Doris. Two minutes later in walked Mervyn with his current, Kitty Spiegel. Everyone strained so hard to be nonchalant and natural, their greetings sounded like a scene from a Noel Coward drawing-room drama.

Cornel Wilde, above, with his beautiful wife make a stunning couple on the dance floor. At left, John Payne and Ida Lupino mark time and check their scripts before going on the air; Mr. and Mrs. William Bendix help themselves to some of the delicious dishes at a buffet party. Below at left, the Gary Coopers join the dancing throng at a popular night club. Lina Romay, center below, does a radio stint with Frankie, the Voice.

PROBABLY the nicest party in years was given recently by Tyrone Power and Annabella. "I've been away too long to remember who isn't speaking to whom," Ty kidded. "We've asked all those who are *our* friends. We just want them to have a good time." A good time they had. With wine, music and tables literally groaning with fabulous food, everyone stayed on until dawn. Annabella, looking as lovely as a French painting, was asked her beauty secret by a famous star. "I eat lots of parsley," answered Tyrone's lovely wife. From then on you should see those glamor gals going for that green stuff!

HIS TOUR in "The Hasty Heart" came to an abrupt end when John Dall quit the show and hurried home to Hollywood and—Jane Withers! He's evidently quite serious about the gal, judging from those telephone calls that have been following her all over Hollywood. Recently he sent her a beautiful platinum and diamond lapel watch. Janie certainly acts like a young lady in love at the mere mention of John's name.

AS SOON as she finishes "The Dark Corner," Lucille Ball returns to MGM as a full-fledged star and we hasten to

add, a high-priced star. Now everyone is happy. Since the butter and egg shortage, Lucille says people all but carry her around on a velvet cushion. On her San Fernando Valley farm, Lucille's cows and chickens are really cooperating. She always has been popular, but now—oh, brother!

AS A gag, but come to think of it, it might be practical, at MGM they presented Greer Garson with a set of blueprints, supposedly the plans for building her an "award room." If she continues to win many more honors, Greer *will* need a special place to keep all her

statues, certificates and citations. Richard Ney, who left MGM because he didn't want to bask in the glory of his famous wife's name, has received contract offers from almost every other studio. He's going to free-lance, however, and in the meantime work on an original story he feels is perfect for the screen.

IN "Cluny Brown," Peter Lawford had to do a scene with 150 sheep. When he got home for dinner that night, his mother, Lady Lawford, served him lamb chops for dinner. Peter threatens to get her a job as a Hollywood gagman!

Van Johnson and Lizabeth Scott merge talents for a radio show; seen at right choosing scripts; below, boning up on their lines; and at left on opposite page, giving the play a final rehearsal.



Here he is again, girls! Clark Gable brings back all his old appeal plus a new flamboyance calculated to reel feminine senses



It's Greer Garson, his co-star in scene below, who takes it on the chin with that true Garsonian spirit when he loves, marries and leaves her—for the seas and another girl, Lina Romay, above.

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Clark Gable
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Garson wins Gable back from the seas, and the "girls in every port," in the intensely dramatic finale.



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middle of my property for about two and a quarter miles. Here was the perfect spot—private, no chance for the intrusion of business on my very few vacations.

"The ranch, which is self-sustaining, covers 1082 acres, 450 of which are tillable—under irrigation. It's a Grade A dairy farm. At the present the dairy isn't operating because of the considerable staff that is involved. But during the war, it produced sufficient milk to take care of the daily requirements of 3000 men at nearby Camp White. The 96th and 91st Divisions, I'm proud to say, were among those fed by our milk during their training period at Camp White. As for the stock, the cattle are golden Guernsey. We have the Jamesway barns, milk parlor, and all the rest. Our equipment is completely up to date, even to the Devry spray and electric milkers. Right before the war, we invested in the most modern of equipment for the farm—tractors, harrows, and the like. Later, when the equipment on the neighboring ranches broke down and were irreplaceable during the war, we loaned ours out. There's a real spirit of camaraderie among the ranchers up there. Everyone helps everyone else." Ginger paused and then added laughingly, "Don't I sound just like the farmer's daughter, though?"

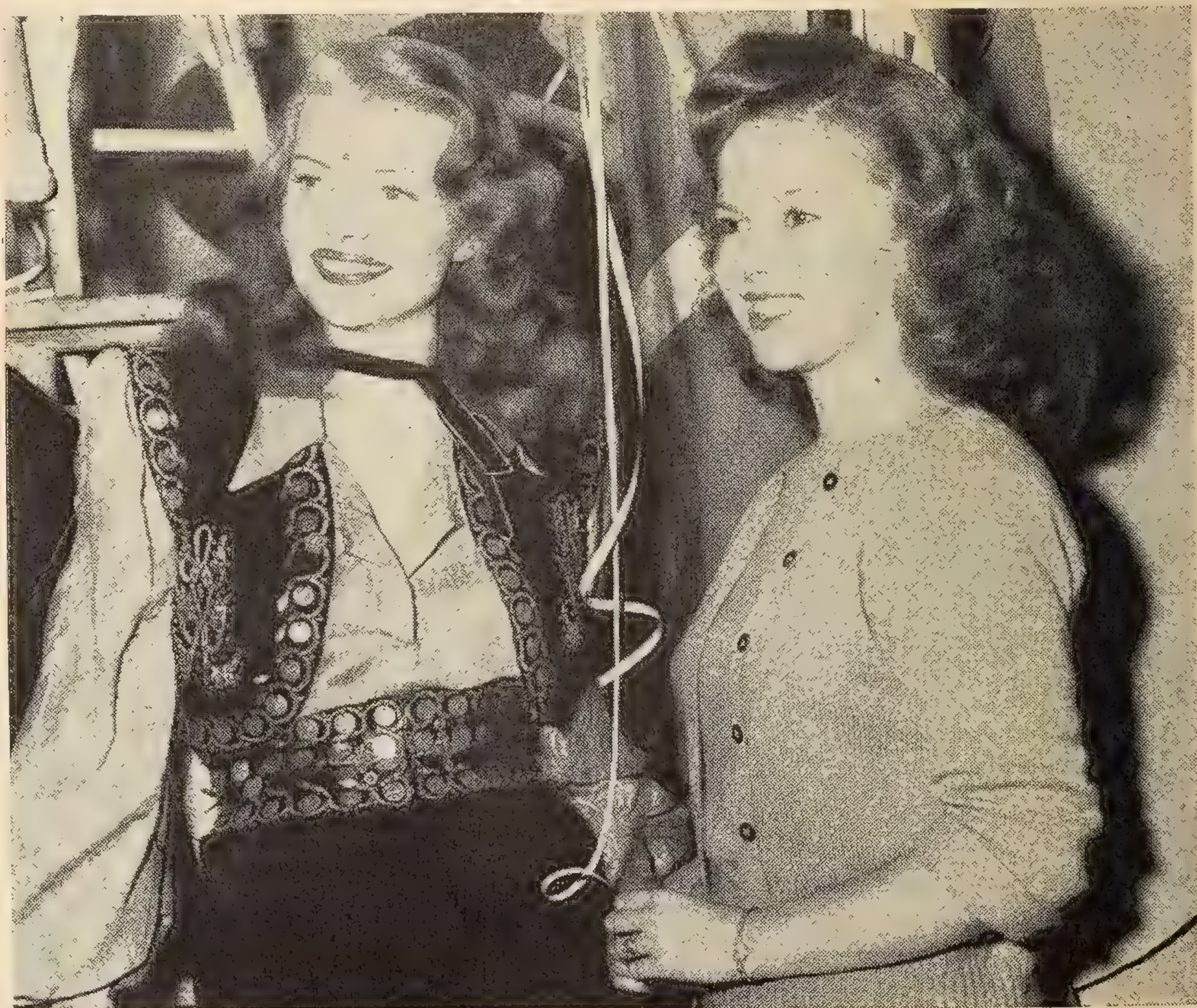
It didn't take long for her to continue her discussion of the ranch. It's one subject she never tires of. On the property, there is a two-story ranch house where the foreman and his wife live. My house is a dream. It's a modest, one-story frame building of brown shingles. It's completely rustic

and seems to me to blend in with the scenery perfectly. The rooms are done in knotty pine and are furnished in maple. My favorite is the living room. It's very large and has beams and a tremendous fireplace and two deep sofas. There are many windows. It's like heaven to sit there and look out across the valley and the beautiful Rogue River."

While Ginger doesn't exactly get out on the tractor and do the many jobs necessary on the ranch, she does keep busy when she's there. She has been lucky in that she has never had any trouble getting qualified help for the ranch. Her mother is the manager and the foreman and his wife keep things going in A-1 condition. In addition, there is whatever seasonable help as is needed. But when Ginger does go to the ranch, the last vestiges of the glamorous star disappear. She "roughs it" and loves it.

"I only get to the ranch between pictures," she went on. "In fact, I'd be there now if 'Heartbeat' hadn't interested me so much as a film. When I'm at the ranch, I forget all about Hollywood. I like to dress comfortably in jeans and plaid shirts. I've even been known to let the shirt tails flop in the breeze a la the younger set of today. My choice pastime is fishing in the Rogue River. This is a particular joy. The river is so cold and fast. Sometimes I put on waders and fish from the middle—and if I do say so myself, I've made some pretty good catches.

"When I'm not fishing or working on the ranch, I like to get out the old-fashioned freezer and make ice cream.



Two glamor girls meet on the Columbia lot when Mrs. John Agar (Shirley Temple of course!) is entertained by Rita Hayworth, in costume for her next picture, "Gilda."

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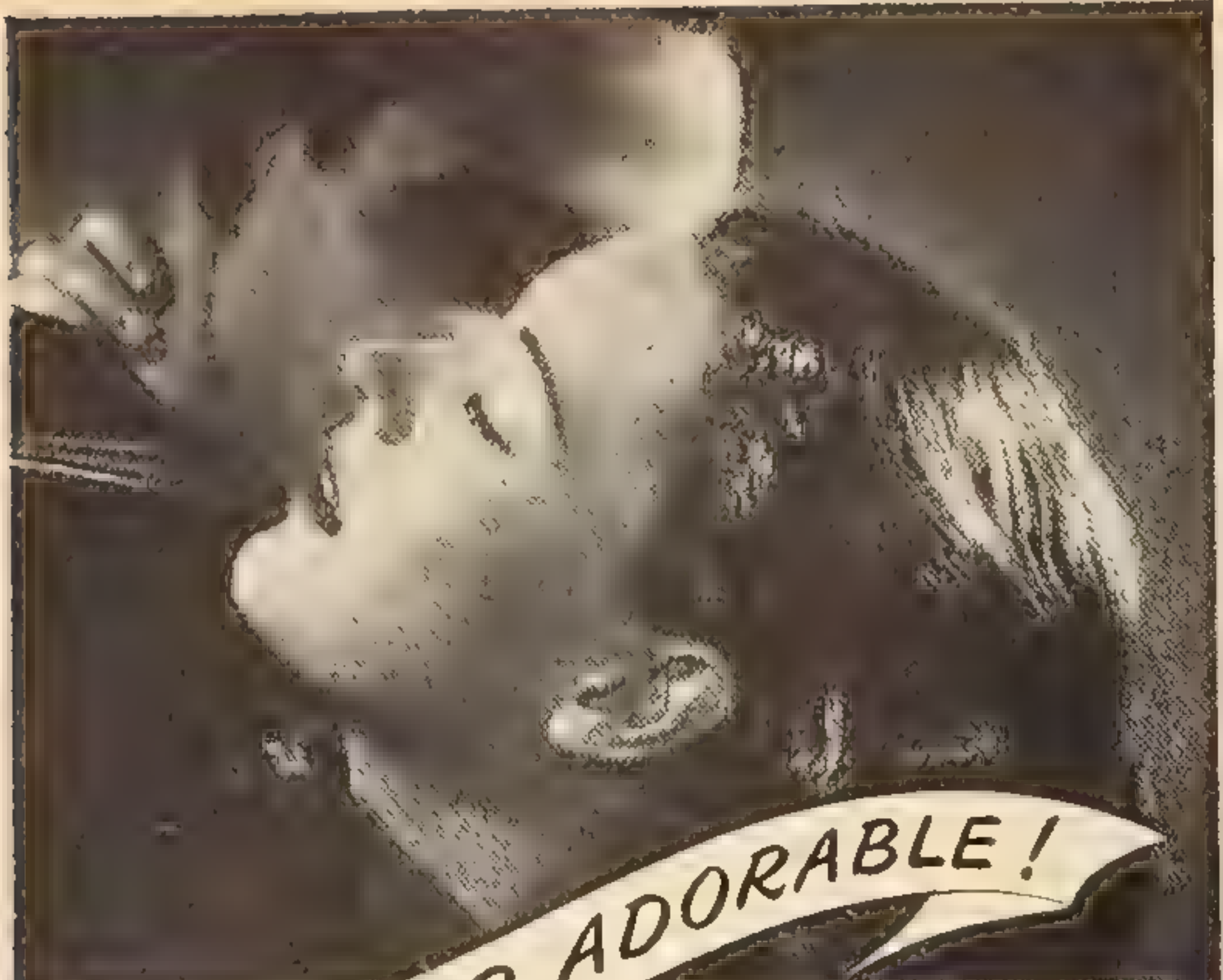
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Plain vanilla is my favorite. And made from pure cream from the ranch—well, it's terrific! Incidentally, turning that freezer takes *some* muscle. Last year, Penny, my secretary, and I were up there and we made ice cream several times—each taking turns at the crank."

Ginger's days at the ranch run about the same. They definitely aren't spent the way you'd imagine a movie star would use her time. "I arise around eight a.m." Ginger remarked. "I eat a good breakfast of juice or fruit, cereal, eggs, toast and jam, and coffee. Then I go down to the barns to see how things are going. I've even been known to milk some of the cows, but at such times I get up much earlier than eight. Once in a while, I accompany the foreman on his rounds. If there isn't too much for me to do, I sit around in the sun. Sometimes I take a picnic lunch and go to the river to fish all day. I also like to take long walks over the quiet roads and paths in the late afternoon. Because I'm out during most of the day, I eat heartily at every meal. I never give a thought to such movie things as diets when I'm up there. In the evenings, I usually curl up with a book by the fire. Not a particularly eventful day and yet a busy one, a wonderful one."

Of course, owning a ranch isn't all glory. There are difficulties to contend with, and Ginger's is not the exception. But all in all, she's been quite lucky. "The only real trouble we've had has been in getting water all over the land," Ginger said. "It had previously been tenanted by share croppers, and when we took it over, the willows and choke cherries had over-run the fields. We inaugurated a three year program at once to feed and build up the land, and as a result the ranch has had some very successful crops. Every year we have more and more land under cultivation because we make new ditches, get more water on the land—and oh yes, keep up an alert fight against the willows. With this constant care, we've never had a crop failure."

"We did have a bad flood up there a couple of years ago, though. This could have been disastrous for it might have taken all the top soil with it. But the quick thinking of my foreman saved the day. He held the water in and then let it out gradually, thereby salvaging the top soil."

Nothing could ever take away Ginger's enthusiasm for the place. There are too many wonderful memories that linger in her mind. Each has had its own special thrill or suspense. Of them all, two seem to stand out most vividly. I think the most memorable experience was Christmas of 1941," Ginger said softly. "Mother was already up at the ranch, and I went up with a couple of friends. I was looking forward to it so much because I had anticipated a white Christmas. When we arrived, there was no sign of snow. My heart sank. During dinner and the rest of the evening, I kept looking out the window, hoping to see some soft flakes of snow start to come down. But nothing happened. Finally, discouraged and disappointed, we went to bed. Then,

in the morning, I opened my eyes and saw a scene I shall never forget. The valley was covered with a white blanket and the trees were shining. Between the naked branches of the trees, we could see from our house on the hill that the Rogue River was like a steely streak through the valley. It was the greatest holiday I ever spent."

The ranchers near Ginger don't look upon her as a star. She is neighbor. They aren't even interested in Hollywood and seldom, if ever, ask her questions about the film city. They have their own little world, and it's quite sufficient.

"There are, of course, a good many people in show business who have ranches up in that vicinity," Ginger continued. "Florence Rice, George Murphy, Nigel Bruce, Thomas Mitchell, and Clark Gable all own property nearby. My other neighbors aren't at all impressed with my work. They are well up in their own rights, especially my rancher neighbors such as the John Days and the William Grants. We bought part of the ranch from Mr. and Mrs. Betts, who had owned it for thirty-five years. They are sweet people, typical western land farmers. They knew the land before the highway was put through, and Pete Betts helped to build the roads through that part of Oregon. They are typical Oregonians."

"All the people there are conscious of a certain tradition that part of the country has in American history. Our ranch, for instance, is thirty-five miles from Jacksonville where the first Protestant church was built. When the first covered wagons came from Westport, Missouri, over the Oregon trail, they stopped at Jacksonville. Then there is Grants Pass near our ranch, the site of General Grant's famous fight with the Indians."

Since the country is more or less on the wild side, animal life is abundant. Pheasant roam about freely and deer are so tame that they come quite near Ginger's house. Then there are birds and large numbers of quail. Rabbits and squirrels are also plentiful.

"I have two special pets on the ranch," Ginger remarked. "One is a dear little squirrel that lives in the tree outside my bedroom window and says, 'Good morning' to me every morning. Then there is a little mongrel dog we call 'Foxy' who came to us quite uninvited. When we couldn't discover to whom he belonged, we kept him. Or rather, we couldn't have let him go because he wouldn't leave us. He's such an affectionate pet."

Ginger paused and then concluded wistfully, "I do hope I can get up to the ranch more often now. I want to spend as much time with my husband there as possible—and we're both going to see to it that we become more the rancher 'type.' There is no life like it. The quietude of the ranch, the feeling of privacy, the contentment it brings, the enjoyment of the simple things—and the pride in watching it grow and progress. Such are the thrills of this kind of existence. In this hectic world we live in, it's a chance to go back to a life that is unhurried, a life that is honest and real. Here—is home!"

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Hollywood Sees Red

Continued from page 29

he made about a drunken man who sells gin on the radio and ends up on the floor. The thing was so fantastic and so funny that the Metro execs used to run it off for their pals just for laughs. They wore out so many that they had to keep reprinting them. Finally, Arthur Freed got the idea that if people who make the pictures thought it was funny, the public who loves them would think it was, too, so he put the whole thing into "Ziegfeld Follies."

Red's description of his Army experience is shot through with typical Skelton quips like, "Yes, I spent 18 months in the Army—and it didn't seem like more than 15 years"—or, "It's been a wonderful experience that I wouldn't have missed—but I wish I had!" at which nobody laughs louder than his fellow ex-servicemen.

"I got off to a bad start," he said. "My first day in camp I was walking along with a cigar in my mouth when I met an officer. I didn't know I was supposed to salute—you know, they don't tell you anything in the Army. But he stopped me and pointed to the star on his shoulder and said, 'You see that star?' I said, 'Yes, sir—got a son in the service, have you?' He growled, 'That means I'm a brigadier-general and you're supposed to salute.' I said, 'I'm sorry, sir—I didn't know.' 'You didn't know!' he roared. 'What a fine blankety-blank

soldier you're going to make!' So I managed a quick salute with one hand and got the cigar out of my mouth with the other. Later I worked out a better technique—I got so I could take the cigar out with the thumb of the hand I was saluting with.

"One of the toughest things about Army life is trying to get any sleep because so many guys talk in their sleep. On one boat trip I slept in the middle bunk. The guy above me talked in his sleep and the one below me would answer him back. They used to carry on whole conversations."

Edna Skelton (now Mrs. Frank Borzage, but formerly Mrs. Red, and still his best friend, adviser and writer of his comedy material) tells about getting a letter from Red describing his first trip overseas. He wrote that late one night, when he was down below in his bunk, he heard the motors chugging, felt the boat move, and then went on page after page about the wretched night he spent waging a losing battle with seasickness.

"I was getting sorrier for him on every page," she said, "and I was almost in tears by the time I got to the last page. Then he said when he woke up in the morning there they were, still in harbor at Newport News! One thing the Army did for him," she went on, "was to get him over being allergic to telephones. He's always hated them and would never

use one before. But after he got to camp he was always getting broke and he'd have to phone me to wire him money. One night he phoned and he didn't even have enough to pay the toll. When I got on the phone I could hear him at the other end, trying to explain to the operator why he had to reverse the charges. Here came that 'Junior' voice over the wire, saying, 'I is just a wittle boy down here all alone. I got no mama, no papa, and I got no money'—and he had the operator so hysterical she could hardly talk."

"Did you find it a handicap or an advantage in the Army—being a celebrity?" Red was asked.

"Well, it was a handicap at first," he replied, "and I had to work at it to get their friendship. They kind of give you the cold stare when they know you're a movie actor. It isn't anything personal. I think it's just an American trait to try to tear down anybody they think is successful. We all do it—there's something basic about it. Over in Italy, they'd admire those beautiful old buildings at first, and a year later they'd be saying, 'Why don't they tear those things down and put up new ones?'"

Asked whether he thought the hardest adjustment was going into or coming out of the Army, Red answered promptly, "Going in. But it's hard coming out, too. After two or three years in the Army you get out of the habit of thinking for yourself, because in the Army somebody else does your thinking for you. So when you come out, and all of a sudden you have to do your own thinking again, you

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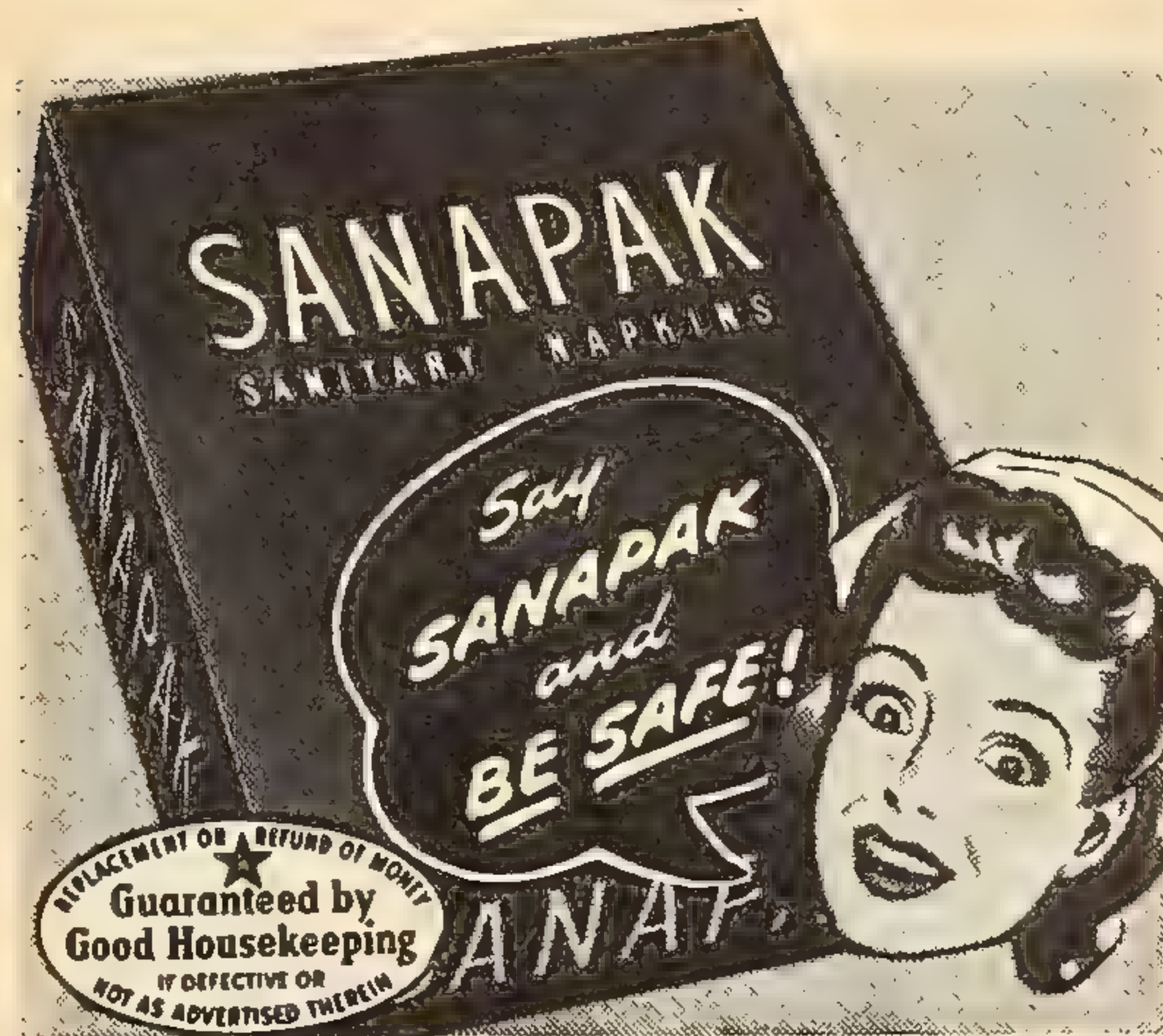
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naturally feel bewildered and confused. "I wish every kid that comes out of the service could take a month to get away and do something he'd never done before in his life. Somebody in every kid's family should make him do this. It wouldn't matter what activity he took up—just so it's something he's never done before.

"The most helpful thing I did was go up to Montana for a month of hunting with a guide, way off from civilization. I'd never done any hunting before. Only elk I had ever seen was at a convention I played once. But that's what helps—just getting clear off from everybody and taking up a brand new activity. It helps bridge that difficult period, gives you a chance to get straightened around, get your perspective back. I went to the same place where Clark Gable goes and I had the same guide—Joe McGregor. He's a wonderful guy. He loves that country up there, wouldn't change for the world. He says, 'Up here it's Sunday every day.' Isn't that beautiful?

"He told me a wonderful thing about Gable. He said that once while Gable was up there hunting, he noticed that each evening he'd take out of his bag a packet of letters tied with ribbon and would read just one letter and then put it back. Later Gable told him that Carole Lombard had written them for him to take on the trip and had numbered them so he'd have one from her to read each day. Now wasn't that a sweet thing?" Those brown eyes of Red's turned very soft as he told it. Then the sparkle came back and he exclaimed, "He's a great guy, that Gable. A real he-man. And he's a good hunter, too."

"And how were you as a big-game hunter?" he was asked.

He launched into a side-splitting description of his first morning in the wilds of Montana, with the gestures and embellishments that only Red Skelton can give to a story. "I was sitting on the edge of a cliff," he said, "with my feet hanging over the edge. I said to myself, 'If Metro ever asked me to do anything like this, I'd say, 'Are you crazy?'" But there I was, and having a great time. Then all of a sudden, a little ways off, I saw this big elk come out of the woods and stand there looking at me. The only gun I had was a 30-30, which is the wrong kind of a gun to kill an elk with. But I aimed at him and shot. He jumped up in the air, then staggered a little bit, and fell. Joe McGregor came running out and asked me how I did it. Then he scratched his head and said, 'Well, I don't see how it could have happened, but he's dead. And listen!—when you get back to town, don't tell anybody about this, especially anybody that knows anything about elk hunting, because they're not going to believe you. I can hardly believe it myself, even after seeing it.'"

After Red got back from his hunting trip he joined the great army of home-hunters trying to cope with the housing shortage of Los Angeles. He owns an apartment building, but that did him no good because OPA regulations wouldn't let him throw anybody out. So he and "Little Red" (Georgia Davis, to whom he was married March 9, 1945) are mak-

ing a circle of all the hotels, staying the allowed five days in each one.

"This is the first time I've ever been thrown out of a hotel for paying my rent," he said. "Whenever I leave a hotel, I tell them, 'I'll be back when I get to the end of the list.' The hotel managers are sorry about it, but what can they do? One hotel manager, when I was checking in, said, 'If there's anything you want, just let me know—I'll give you a good alibi!'"

Yes, he's the same Red you've always loved—with something new added. The same something that all returning soldiers have—a broader, deeper understanding of human problems and a genuine concern over some things they find on the home front that definitely "ain't good."

Not, mind you, that he's lost one bubble of that marvelous effervescence, or that he's turned into the soap-box type. On the contrary, Red is still the guy who reminds you of your irrepressible (and irresistible) kid brother who used to tease you to exasperation, and is now grown up—though not very. For gags and wisecracks whiz through his mind faster than light travels—and even when he's expressing the most serious ideas, there's an uproarious snapper to every third statement. Which detracts not one jot from the effectiveness of what he's saying. In his case, it's just like salting a steak—but don't you try it. Anybody without Red Skelton's common touch, his split-second timing and warmth of personality would fall flat trying to use the same technique in some of the delicate situations Red has handled.

All the time he was in service Red worked unsparingly at entertaining the boys, both in camps and hospitals, and finally the nervous strain landed him in the hospital as a patient. But as it turned out, he found a job to do there, too. For it was in hospitals, talking with the individual boys and helping them to meet their problems that Red was able to contribute a service he's justly proud of. Where medical science leaves off is where Red began, and with his warmly human approach, he was able to get next to many a boy who had wrapped himself in defensive silence while groping for a way to accept his own personal tragedy. With his sure understanding of human nature, Red knew instinctively when to lead a boy out gently and slowly through many long, heart-to-heart talks; and when it was possible to snap him back to matter-of-factness by taking the bull by the horns, as it were, and getting off a good lusty crack about the situation. So he went among his buddies with the kind of sympathy that doesn't have to be talked about, just talking and wisecracking, man to man, providing the laughs that started them on the road back to everyday living.

Red keeps in touch with hundreds of these boys and there'll be hundreds more, for he intends to keep right on with this kind of hospital work. He's humbly grateful for this rare gift of knowing the combination to the boys' hearts, so that he can help them break down the barriers and tensions set up by tragedy and illness.

He carries in his pocket a letter from

one boy he knew in the hospital. "That boy was going to commit suicide," he said, "and I talked him out of it." It was a beautiful letter, filled with appreciation of Red's friendly talks and advice. "You remember you told me, Red," the boy wrote, "that some day I would find somebody that was the right girl for me just as Little Red is for you, and that when I found her I would know it? Well, it was just like you said. Now I have my 'Little Red.' We were married four months ago, we are very, very happy and life is worth living again—just like you said it would be."

Red's interest in the other fellow is nothing new, of course. It's been going on a long, long time, and it comes to light from all directions. Two or three years ago Hedda Hopper went down to the Douglas aircraft plant to christen a plane which was named for her. Hedda did her stuff for the employees during their lunch hour, then went into a period of questions and answers, and the workers kept her busy for fifteen minutes asking for information about Red Skelton. Finally she said, "Say, what is this? Don't you want to know anything about any other Hollywood star? Why Red Skelton all the time?" And from a hundred different throats came the cry, "Love that man! Why, he sneaks away from his lunch hour at the studio and comes down here to make us laugh."

What Red dislikes most on the home front is all the criss-cross currents of prejudice he finds. "When you're in the Army," he says, "you never stop to think of the nationality or race of the guy who sleeps in the next bunk or works next to you, and it sounds pretty silly when you come home to hear so much of this kind of talk. I think most of the returning servicemen feel this way about it and when they all get home I believe they'll pull the home folks away from these prejudiced attitudes. When I hear people talking this way I use a technique they taught us in Special Services—that is, if a person expresses hatred for somebody, I pin him down and make him tell me *why* he hates that person. Usually he can't think of any real reason. I can't understand it, because friendship and kindness are so much easier than hatred and prejudice anyway. I keep selling this slogan to audiences and I've been told it's a scientific fact: 'It costs only 13 muscles to smile—but it costs 68 to frown.'

"I love people," said Red. "Some of my best friends are people. And I have only one requirement to make of people—they have to be breathing. I don't like dead people. That's only for somebody who doesn't want to be talked back to."

You'll notice the influence of some of these ideas in Red's future screen work, if he gets his way about it. "I'd like to do a straight part," he said, "in light comedy—the type Robert Montgomery used to do. I'd like to play a human, everyday sort of character who would have humorous moments, but not be a clown. I'd get a lot of pantomime into it and in scenes with a girl I'd play it seriously."

Well, anything he does is going to be welcome. He's the same Red Skelton, only better. And he wasn't bad before.

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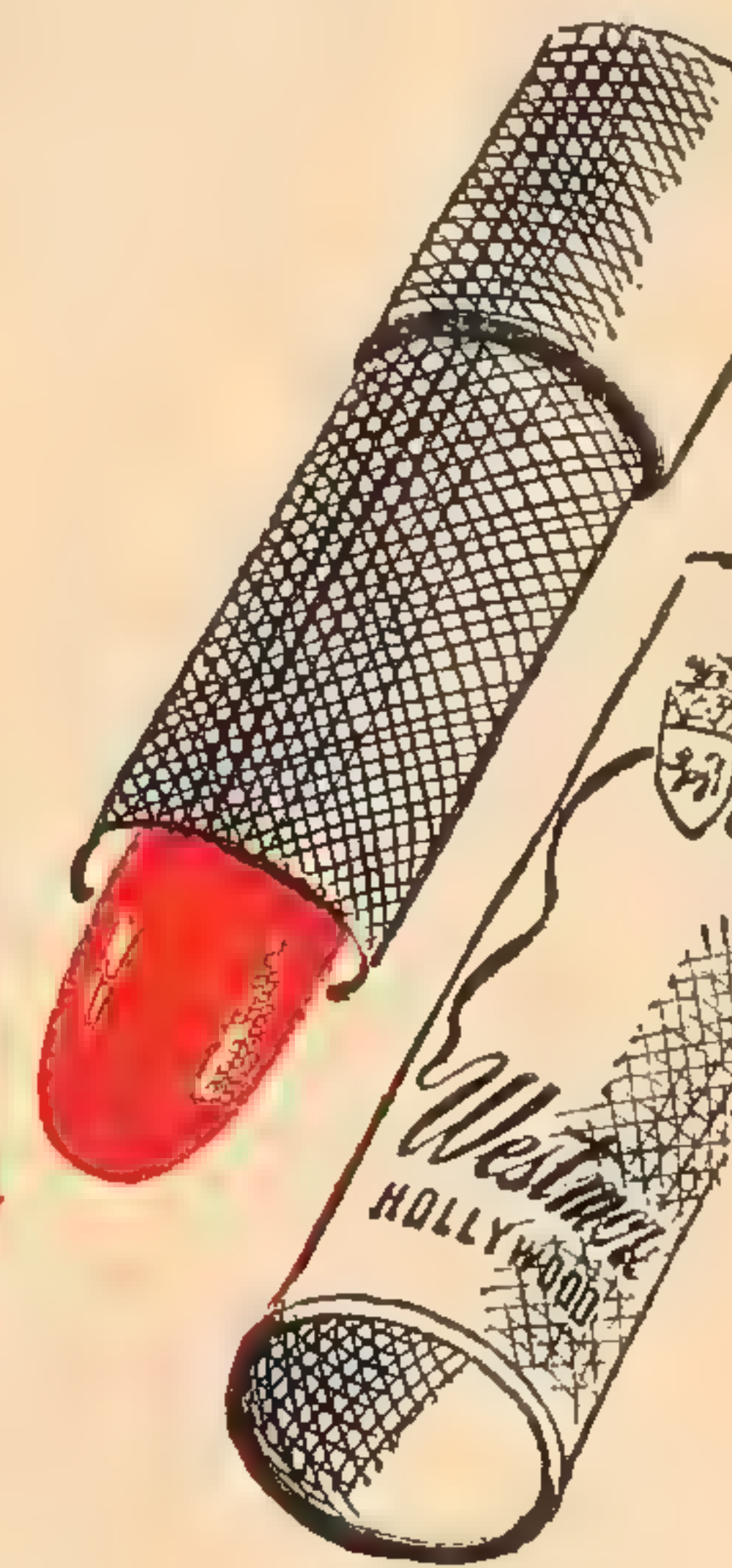
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Who dat man? Why, it's Larry Parks in blackface makeup for a sequence in the musical drama, "The Jolson Story," getting some pointers from the man he plays—Al Jolson.

The Real McGuire

Continued from page 49

the middle of a sentence and shut up like a clam.

A recent below-the-border vacation with her husband elicits comments on Mexico that are distinctly McGuirish. In place of the customary raves about heavenly beaches, food, or native handicraft Dorothy observes with enthusiasm: "They have the most amazing dogs in Ensenada!" She goes on to explain, "Here at home our dogs lead a sheltered life, with one pampered pup to a family. In Ensenada there are three or four to the smallest shack, with freedom to roam at will. The result is a comical mixture of the fattest, sassiest bunch of mongrels.

"Our favorite was a collie named Rusty. Just discharged from the army, he had fine military bearing and disciplined the other dogs with just a look. Never had to growl or menace them in any way. I learned a lot from Rusty." Dorothy's eyes brighten with mischief. "I've been practicing that Look on my friends since I returned. They haven't responded properly yet, but I'm working on it."

Another "sentimental journey" for Dorothy was a cross-country motor trip with her husband. "I wish every American could travel across the United States as we did. You get the feeling of enormous pride as you visit the different states. There seem to be many lands in one—a variety of places and people that keep our nation virile and exciting. I remember a town in the southern part of Ohio in which every house was painted white; the country green and bursting with energy. We thought the mayor deserved a vote of thanks."

Many of Dorothy's unorthodox interests are shared by her husband. They

both adore weekends in the country where they can combine two pet hobbies, hiking and photography. Trudging for miles at a time, they stop only to snap pictures of some house or part of a house that appeals to them. "We have a huge collection of these photographs we call our Dream House File," says Dorothy. "Unusual doorways, chimneys, windows, gardens, gates, they're all there for us to refer to when we start building a home of our own some day. We look through these snapshots often, for they also serve to remind us of the fun we had taking them."

There are more files on painting, old silver, china and antique furniture, but all of these hobbies are secondary to Dorothy's first love, the business of acting. "From the time I was a little girl I wanted to be an actress. Can't remember when I didn't," she states. She received her early training at the Omaha Community Playhouse where she made her debut at thirteen in the lead opposite Henry Fonda in "A Kiss For Cinderella." In the audience was Violet Heming, well-known stage star, who was enthralled with Dorothy's performance. "The girl is a born actress," raved Miss Fleming. "She reads lines with a natural intuition; not as a child who's been coached. She's like a breath of Spring."

With Dorothy every rôle is a living experience. Submerging her own vibrant personality in characterizations such as the scatterbrained child-wife in "Claudia," hardworking shabby Katie of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," the painfully plain Laura of "Enchanted Cottage" and a mute servant girl in "Spiral Staircase" is enough to make any gal yell for "glammer." The latter rôle was especially trying, for during al-

most the entire two months of production Dorothy never uttered a line. With the McGuire penchant for realism she maintained her silence off the set as well as on. And since the fact that she was playing a mute was a strict studio secret, her friends were thrown into a panic over her mysterious refusals to speak to them.

Even the writer of the screenplay, Mel Dinelli, was fooled. His admiration for McGuire the Actress is superseded only by his admiration for McGuire the Story Mind. In pre-production chats the lady had astounded him with excellent suggestions for improvement of scenes and situations.

"Shortly after the start of the picture we lunched at Lucey's, a popular restaurant close to RKO Studio," relates Mr. Dinelli. "I was looking forward to the stimulating conversation I always enjoy with Miss McGuire. Instead we spent a full hour in almost complete silence. After several attempts to start conversation I began to worry. Perhaps I had unknowingly offended her. Not until the waiter came for our orders and Miss McGuire *pointed* to what she wanted on the menu did I realize she already had taken on the character of the story."

This self-imposed silence was a great strain on Dorothy, who relishes good talk. She managed to stay bottled up until nearly the end of the picture. Then she exploded! It was during a momentary lull, when the camera was being shifted for a new angle, the players were resting in their dressing rooms and the director and cameraman were quietly huddled in consultation regarding the next shot. Suddenly the stillness was shattered by a terrifying scream issuing from Dorothy's dressing room. Everyone rushed to see what had befallen the star. They found her seated on a couch, a sheepish grin on her face. "It was just McGuire testing," she explained meekly. "I wanted to make sure there was a good scream left in me after two months of silence."

Her love for the theater extends to the outstanding members of her profession. "The thrill of watching a fine craftsman on the stage can't be equaled," says Dorothy. "I have always carried a burning image of Ethel Barrymore as I first saw her. I was about nine and wild with excitement over the prospect of being taken backstage to meet her. She stood in the doorway of her dressing room, her hand graciously extended to me. I thought she had the most beautiful hands I'd ever seen and that she was the tallest, most regal person in the world."

Several years later, when Dorothy was on tour with John Barrymore in "My Dear Children," they met again. Dorothy was playing one of the children, but by then she had attained her full height of five feet six. "It was a surprise to discover I was as tall as Miss Barrymore. Somehow I never expected to be."

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How to Write Fan Letters to the Stars and Get Results!

Continued from page 31

the boy next door, of whom there were some 11,000,000 in the service. This being the case, it's no small task to answer the thousands of letters which say, "You remind me of" Van devotes a part of every day to answering this particular type of mail.

He's also a polite young man. He receives many gifts—sweaters, cuff links, rings, loaves of bread, cakes, and even his favorite chewing gum. None of these gifts go unacknowledged. He personally thanks everyone who has been kind enough to invest their pennies and dollars in gifts for him. He doesn't feel particularly comfortable about these presents, because he remembers how limited allowances can be and how much it costs in sacrifice as well as money for these gifts to be sent to him. Nevertheless, he thinks the least he can do is to write a thank-you letter in return.

For quite awhile Lana Turner didn't go near the fan mail department. She let MGM handle every letter and every request for a picture. Then, suddenly, she began to feel she was losing track of what her fans liked. All at once, she didn't know if they wanted her to play one type of rôle, or another. Being isolated from their reactions to her performances, and her pictures, she didn't really know whether or not she was ringing the bell.

"I decided it was bad for an actress to get out of touch with the people who pay money to see her. So my secretary, Romaine, and myself, took over the really stupendous job of taking care of every bit of fan mail. We have adapted quite a system. We keep every letter that is mailed in, and we answer every one. We keep a file copy of our answer attached to the original letter, and when we sit down to write, we refer to the file. That way we can keep track of correspondence that has gone before.

"Every day Romaine and I go over the mail and I tell her what I want to say. She types it up, and then I sign it. We keep such an extensive file that very few people get by with sending in the usual threatening letters which some fans hope will bring replies. For instance, the other day I received a letter which said: 'This is the third time I have written you, and I have never received an answer. Unless I get an answer by return mail, I will never go see one of your pictures again!' We looked up this young man's name and address—sure enough, it was in our files—and we noted that we had personally answered all three of his letters. We wrote him again and told him our letters must have gone astray because we had his letters and our answers—of such and such dates—on file. We didn't hear from him again!

"I am always interested in intelligent comments on my work. If a fan especially likes the way I play a scene, and tells me exactly why, I am grateful to that fan. Perhaps I am able to improve another scene in another picture because of her reaction. Letters which show peo-

ple are really following my career and know all about my pictures, particularly make me want to answer that letter in detail. Because I really am very grateful to those people who are watching me so carefully."

Vivian Blaine has a unique system for routine letters. Of the 6,500 letters she receives each month, many ask how she lost weight. Vivian has a postcard she mails back, which says, in effect: "Thanks so much for writing to me. I wish I could write you personally, but I have received so many letters asking me how I reduced from 150 to 102 pounds that I have found it necessary to answer you through this postcard. The doctor who helped me lose weight was Dr. Seymon of Beverly Hills. If you will contact him, he will help you." The only trouble with this blanket letter arrangement is that Dr. Seymon has had to hire another secretary to take care of the letters he has received!

For really personal answers, Vivian never fails to reply to anyone who writes, "I knew you when" Nor does she ignore anyone who says, "I am a friend of Jack S. . . . who met you when you were in" Nine times out of ten, Vivian, who has a very good memory, will remember not only Jack, but the incident of their meeting, what they said, and so on. She writes the "friend of Jack" a long, warm letter.

There is another type of letter Vivian Blaine always answers. It is the one which begins: "I am in Ward C of the Veterans' Hospital. . . ."

"I've sung at so many hospitals," says Vivian. "that I feel I know all those kids. They are such brave, gallant, sweet boys, and mail means a lot to them. I make a point of answering their letters, and I write over 700 letters a month to the boys who came back casualties of war."

She has the same reaction when she receives a fan letter from someone who is invalided. "There are a number of pathetic letters every month that hit you right in the heart. A little girl with infantile paralysis wrote me that she went to see my pictures in a wheel chair—well, something like that just breaks you up. We correspond regularly now."

Before the war ended, Vivian never failed to answer mail from overseas. Some of the biggest and best pinup pictures ever made were of Vivian and they graced the barracks walls in every theater of war.

Then there's the Vivian Blaine fan club to which she writes constantly. She keeps these clubs posted about her next picture, what she did that week, what radio broadcasts she will appear on, and so forth. When all this is added together, Vivian finds herself writing over 1800 letters a month. She does this at night at home after work, with the help of the studio secretary. Since almost every fan letter requests a picture, Vivian sends along a personally autographed portrait.

Where do stars get the time to answer such volume mail? Many people

think it's a chore to answer half a dozen letters a month, while others—with a plea that they are poor correspondents—rarely write a half a dozen letters a year. The answer is apparent if you follow Ingrid Bergman, for instance, around for a day. One of the busiest stars in Hollywood, with an almost constant working schedule, she manages to answer certain of her fans' letters by utilizing every spare minute.

Between scenes on the sets will find Ingrid signing stack after stack of photographs. She even signs photographs during interviews. Lunch hour will see her conferring with her secretary on the day's mail. During the afternoon, if she is not in a scene, she will be going through hundreds of letters, writing little marginal notes to remind her what to say when she dictates her answers. This isn't just her routine for one day; it happens *every* day.

Ingrid has a wonderful sense of humor, and letters which amuse her get bright and sparkling answers. There is one little girl in northern California who writes Ingrid fabulous letters on shelf paper. The letters are illustrated with line drawings and often run as long as 36 feet! The envelopes are elaborately illustrated, too, generally showing characters from Ingrid's latest picture. The little fan keeps track of Ingrid's personal life, knows all about her husband, and her daughter, Pia. Ingrid has written this young fan many letters, and, when the press of work is really too great, Ingrid's secretary answers for her. The point is this: There is hardly a star who would not personally answer such a letter, because it shows great time, effort, and genuine interest in the star's career.

Ingrid does something pretty nice at Christmastime. During the war, and today—with the occupation forces—many of her fans wrote her from overseas. Ingrid has written many of these boys regularly for several years. She feels they are friends, and when Christmas rolls around, she sends a Christmas basket to these fans in the service. This is something rather special for a star to do. As one boy wrote back: "When I wrote you a letter telling you how very much your wonderful performances meant to us over here, little did I expect that I would receive a personal answer from you, as well as your photograph. But when your Christmas package came, I found that I did not quite know how to thank you. I wonder if you realize how much such thoughtfulness means to a G. I. who has been in the service almost four years?"

Of all the stars, perhaps Robert Cummings has the most business-like arrangement for taking care of fan mail. He doesn't let his studio handle it at all, on the theory that he wants to know what his fans think. Therefore, almost any day of the week, you will find Bob's secretary calling for his mail over at Paramount. These letters are taken to an office Bob rents in Beverly Hills, where a staff of girls sort the mail and make notations calling to Bob's attention letters that are bright and different. Since most of the letters ask for photographs, a picture and a photo-mailer is attached to each letter. The



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letters are put in boxes, and when Bob drives by on his way home from work, the boxes are put in the back of his car. After dinner, Bob starts reading the letters and signing the pictures. He tries to put something personal on each one. If the letter ends, "Hubba-hubba to you!" Bob will write on the picture, "To Janice, Hubba-hubba to you, too!"

Since Bob pays for the pictures, secretaries, stamps, and photo-mailers himself, instead of letting the studio pay for them, he has a problem with which many conscientious stars are faced. He couldn't possibly afford to foot such a bill himself, so he answers every letter with a routine penny postcard. On this card is printed a 2x3 inch picture of Bob, and under the picture, this message: "Thank you for your kind letter. I want you to have the photo requested, autographed by me personally to you. In order to insure this I have contracted for thousands of photos and photo-mailers, for secretaries and for office space. A part of each week I have pledged to personally reading mail, and the photo you receive will be signed by me only. My sincere appreciation, Robert Cummings."

In one corner is a list of prices: 8x10 photos, 25c; 11x14 photos, \$1.00. This includes cost of mailing. In case you think Bob is making anything on the deal, you try sending out this size picture, buying the envelope, paying postage, and see where you wind up!

On the way to work the next morning, Bob takes the letters to the post office. Although his mail slackens to about 1,500 letters a week between pictures, right after "You Came Along" was released his fan mail soared to 10,000 letters a week, according to post office records. This means taking care of his fan mail is a full-time job. That's why he has a special office to handle it.

If a fan writes a letter mentioning a mutual friend, Bob always answers with a short note. But if that fan starts a regular correspondence, Bob writes him again and asks him not to be offended if he cannot always find time to answer

the letters. He does this in self-protection, since one reply often leads to another letter which, in turn, asks more questions, and the correspondence grows like a snowball.

Bob has a list of DO'S and DON'T'S for writing fan letters. They go like this:

DO give your correct address. Some people sit down and write long, beautiful letters, enclose 25c for a photo, and forget to add their address. A little later the star gets a nasty letter, saying: "What happened to my quarter?"

DO be honest and sincere in your opinion of the star you are writing to. Bob says: "I get a number of letters every year that are the same exact wording. They generally come from South America or Mexico, and I must have received 10,000 in ten years. They have different return addresses, but they obviously are not written by different people, because not a word is changed. This lack of sincerity is just like saying, 'Please send me a photo. I saw you in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" (Van Johnson's picture) and you were swell!' Naturally that kind of a letter doesn't inspire a personal answer."

DO try to address your letter to the studio of a star's last picture, and **DON'T** be coy with the postmaster. Once Bob received a letter that had a picture of him pasted on the envelope, nothing more. It eventually got to him, because the post office is run by smart people, but it isn't the fastest way in the world to get a reply.

DO type or write legibly. Lots of letters are written in tiny, scrawled handwriting that is impossible to read. The star, already tired from a day's work at the studio and with a big stack of mail before him, can't make himself go beyond the first half a page because it's just too much work to read it.

DON'T think if you write insulting letters, it will bring you an answer. Stars have discovered that they only get into involved correspondence if they defend themselves. Bob, a crack pilot who was a flight instructor all during the war, gets mad when he receives letters which



Kathryn Grayson shows unique system MGM mail room uses to identify stars' boxes.

read: "We have been reading about you being a flyer and we don't believe you were ever in an airplane," but he doesn't answer back.

DON'T ask stars to autograph pieces of their clothing and send them to you. If they did this, they would soon have no clothes left. Besides, even a handkerchief costs money.

DON'T be incoherent. Many letters say: "Please send me a photo of yourself. Also, could you get me Andy Devine's autograph and send it too? I have done secretarial work. Do you ride horseback? Don't let your secretary answer this as it is personal. I would like to get a job working in a studio." (This is an actual letter.) This kind of a letter is confusing, to say the least, and it isn't smart to confound the star and make him guess which part of the letter is the most important. No company ever tries to sell two products at once. If you want a picture, write for a picture; if you want a job, write for that; if you want someone else's autograph, write to that person. *Make your letter come to the point.*

And don't ask a star to telephone someone for you who also lives in or near Hollywood. One night Bob was reading his fan mail and came to a letter which said: "Please telephone my sister in Inglewood and tell her I am all right. She'd be so thrilled, and I would be so grateful."

On an impulse, Bob picked up the phone and called the sister. Her boy friend answered. "Who's calling?" he asked. Bob told him.

"Well, what do you want to speak to her for?" The conversation went from bad to worse, and Bob finally hung up after being roundly insulted.

You never know how someone else is going to react to a telephone call from a movie star, so don't ask your favorite star to make one.

Don't let these highlights make you think movie stars don't value fan letters. Because your letters keep the stars posted on the way you feel. Kathryn Grayson has always been grateful for the advice which came to her via letters after she toured the country. These letters indicated that the male call had changed from whistling at girls in sequins and furs to whistling at girls in clean, crisp, cotton dresses. She discovered that because men have been away, the value of the girl-next-door had gone up, and the value of the siren had gone down. Kathryn didn't have a whisper of the grand manner when she first appeared in pictures, and today—a sensational success—she still hasn't. For she remembers well the thousands of letters which read: "I am enclosing a picture of my sweetheart. *She looks just like you!*" No makeup, naturally red cheeks, an unaffected manner, the lovely heroine of "Two Sisters From Boston" reminds boys of the girl they want to marry. They figure that Varga babe is just a paper doll. Anyone who knows can tell the real thing, and Katy is real.

But she might have gone glamorous-sexy-furs-and-sequins if it hadn't been that she took the male call in her mail seriously.

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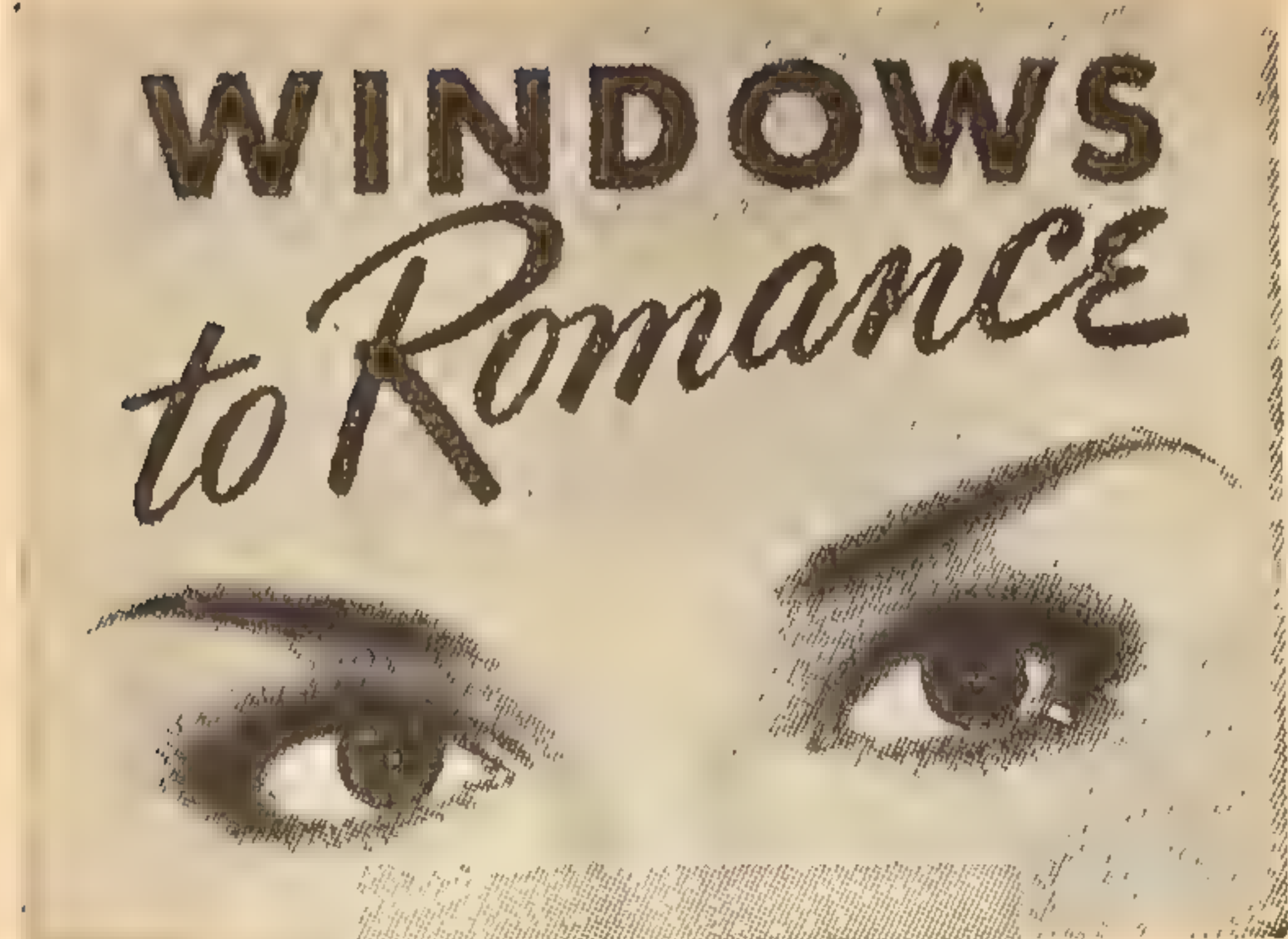


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a trifle pale, still polite—but no smile.

Three years later, I was asked to join a group who were going up on Sunset Strip to a new restaurant. It turned out to be Preston's—founded by him to give a Hollywood start to a New York song publisher who had helped him during New York lean days. Our party arrived late — almost closing time. My old "enemy" asked me to dance, then excused himself and spoke to the orchestra leader. Just as I didn't learn till long later why Preston had started that restaurant, so I didn't know that night that he had paid a fancy price for the orchestra to play four more hours, till six a.m. (I should have guessed, because for 240 minutes he danced the feet off me—without stepping on them, either!)

During that much dancing you either begin a friendship or else, and eventually Mr. Sturges and I wound up in a home that, like everything else about him, is unique. To understand that home and the way we live, as well as Preston's "sharp" creative work, we'd better flashback to his fantastic youth:

Spent early years half each in Chicago, half in Paris . . . the world-famous dancer, Isadora Duncan, "saved" his life at eight months with a champagne diet to "cure" pneumonia . . . she was entrusted with much of his Paris rearing . . . books were crammed down him . . . he had to stay in and rest afternoons so he could attend the opera at night . . . for several years he rode to school on a bicycle, wearing Grecian robes.

Second phase—Preston's mother's cosmetic business jeopardized by World War I . . . Preston, sent to America at sixteen to rescue the New York branch, invented kissproof rouge . . . not liking cosmetic business, became a Wall Street messenger . . . working at \$7.50 a week, he sold a \$50,000 batch of bonds to a customer; was raised to \$10 a week . . . not liking that either, he quit . . . during World War I he served as an air cadet.

Odd jobs and restlessness continued until one time, sick in Chicago after a dangerous appendectomy, Preston secured the late Irvin Cobb's permission to dramatize that humorist's "Speaking Of Operations." Theatrical producers unanimously turned the play down. "Operations may be funny in a book," they held, "but on the stage—too graphic to make laughter for American audiences."

In the midst of that disappointment, and always eager to shoot the moon, Preston poured out all his dreams and proposed to a girl who he thought had been encouraging him. She had. "I just wanted to see," she told him, "how far a young upstart like you, with no prospects, would go." That's probably where my husband-to-be began studying *people*, because he embalmed the lady in caricature and poked fun at himself in a play titled "The Guinea Pig."

When producers didn't want "The Guinea Pig" either, Preston rented, in January, a "Summer" theater on the snowbound estate of Frank Vanderlip. There the cast, working on trust, re-

hearsed long weeks. The theater held a small stove and—the Vanderlips being off wintering in some sunny clime—Preston decided landlords should furnish heat and raided the banker's coal-cellar. "The Guinea Pig" staggered, half-frozen, down to Broadway and played sixteen weeks. Everyone got paid off except Preston—that's why the New York restaurant-keeper was feeding him on credit while he was attending rehearsals of "Strictly Dishonorable." That play (written in nine days) is noted for two things: running two years on Broadway, it drew Preston many Hollywood offers; it also established his complete originality because, for the first time in any American play, he let the "Latin Lover" win the girl from the handsome American "hero." Maybe that's where the Good Neighbor policy began!

In Hollywood as a writer, Preston authored so many hits that only a small percentage may be listed here: "The Big Pond," "The Power And The Glory," "Thirty Day Princess," "The Good Fairy," "Diamond Jim," "Port Of Seven Seas," "Easy Living," "Remember The Night" and "If I Were King." It's legend — accurate — that to enlarge his duties to direction also, he sold Paramount his original screenplay, "The Great McGinty," for ten dollars—provided he could pilot it.

Well, we all know that the gentleman now writes, directs, produces—and *casts*. Let's get back to the man himself.

The honeymoon home to which I was taken was just two blocks above Hollywood and Vine. The fact that Charlie Chaplin and Mildred Harris had been married in the front room was of no interest whatever to Preston, but he owned some furniture that suited the front room's Victorian atmosphere. Upstairs, too, in our bedroom, he had had placed an old-fashioned, four-poster mahogany bed. Adjoining our room he had fitted up a masculine den-workroom.

When the baby needed quarters, filing cabinets came out of what was first his "office" and crowded the piano in his den. Included is a fine bust of his beloved stepfather, Solomon Sturges, of Chicago, for whom our son is named.

I knew by this time that Preston's nomad boyhood, Chicago to Paris to Chicago and back, over and over, and the phony culture in Paris, had soured him on the very word "culture." His decision that people, not books, were the most profitable (and enjoyable) study for a dramatist made itself plain during our honeymoon in the odd house that he was remaking to suit his dreams.

For a man who works as hard as Preston (he's never late on the set or anywhere else), a vacation, when he isn't already starting his next screenplay, means staying up all hours at night and abed till three in the afternoon. This marked our honeymoon and I was astonished to hear Preston answer the phone to the horde of salesmen who try to descend on any bridegroom who has some cash. "I don't want to buy any-

thing, old man," he'd invariably say, "but if you want to come up and speak your piece—any afternoon after three."

So—we spent our afternoons, receiving, like royalty, in the huge four-poster bed. And did the salesmen come: insurance men, interior decorators, wine merchants, caterers, gowns-for-madame experts, tailors, furriers, canned goods wholesalers, cosmeticians, jewelers, even maternity hospital representatives!

Though he listened with flattering attention, Preston, except for a few instances where my eyes couldn't keep from glistening over some item, bought nothing. After a week—and I was getting a bit fed up, too—I caught on. "It's a wonder," I chided, "someone doesn't shoot you. You're simply gathering material in case you want to write a screenplay about a salesman."

"Well"—his brown eyes twinkled—"I told them frankly I wouldn't buy anything."

He does *like* people, though, as well as study them. That explains why the Chaplin-Harris wedding parlor is left in solemn museum state while our *real* living room is fifty-six feet long, proportionately wide, swept with sunlit windows (pepper trees and a swimming pool outside), and containing such assorted items as a ping-pong table, card tables, deep leather chairs about a wonderful fireplace, books galore, ship models and, at the bar, samples of Preston's unending attempts to invent a comfortable barstool.

In this big room we spend much of our time. Even when alone or just with a close friend, we like to eat in the cheerful game-room; but our social evenings usually consist of sixteen for dinner (Preston says the big room looks empty with less) and I bask, watching him enjoying people around him. I also seem to hear his brain click, once in a while, registering a bit of dialogue.

That nomad boyhood has accentuated a trait that must have always sought fulfillment in Preston—intense love of home. He has a great gift for building and the upstairs suite he planned for Solomon, including the installation of special cooking and sterilization facilities, is a model of its kind. The security of a home—and love—that is his own, motivates him to a poignant degree.

One day when the baby was eight months old, I tucked him under my arm, so to speak, and started out to an afternoon hen party. Something went wrong on the set, and for the only time in our married life, Preston came home early. I left the party well before dark and when I arrived near our house there, pacing up and down the sidewalk, an almost wild look in his eyes, loomed my husband. It wasn't *right* that he should come home and not find his family waiting for him! He wasn't angry, just temporarily hurt (the mood vanished immediately in gaiety), as if I had deserted him and eloped, baby and all, to far parts!

As with most men who possess a real, hard-used creative talent, there is a wistfulness about Preston; he has moments when, spiritually, he wants his hands held up; when, in spite of all he has accomplished, he wants someone near and

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dear to tell him he's good. Such underlying humility, I think, is part of any true artist.

One of my husband's most appealing traits is his regard for other people's feelings and reputation. One evening, among our sixteen guests for dinner, was a woman once prominent, now less so, and whom life had embittered. She repeated or invented one after another "I-knew-her-when" tales, all of them malicious and harmful. I saw Preston's hands clench and his jaw-muscles tense. When the guests departed, he turned to me whiter-faced than the time, long before, when I insulted him about the Schubert melody. "Please, Louise," he said, placing his hands on my shoulders, "please do not let us ever have that woman in our home again." In all my knowledge of Preston, I have never heard him utter a harmful word about anyone. And his many kindnesses to people—I hear of scores, but not from him.

Preston's innate joy of living glows in his relations with Solomon. They have worked out an elaborate double-talk system, and will gabble together in this lingo, eyeing me mischievously, tickled because though—I feel sure—they are saying nice things about me, I can't understand a word. I think that geniuses and children are natural companions.

Delightful contradictions pop up in Preston. He is world-famous as a connoisseur of food. He helped create

the menu for "The Players," his noted restaurant on the Sunset Strip. Yet his favorite food would surprise his chefs. My first duty as a housekeeper is to always have on hand a full supply of this delicacy, a dab of which is to him like a chocolate to a read-and-dip-in-the-book girl, or a toddy to a man with a ruddy nose. I unveil the Preston private food passion—peanut butter!

Besides his hatred of gossip, there is one other characteristic that can render him stern—his aversion to disorder, untidiness, inexactitude. It shows in his dress, which is informal yet always spic and span. It shows in his scripts, which are constructed like perfect-fitting mosaics. Though a warmly affectionate person, he defines his own sense of order: "To the problems of life, I prefer the scientific, not the emotional approach." He can't abide people who just "wish" to do something, but won't take the time and pains to learn to do it right. A sloppy workman, in any line, doesn't stay around him long nor those who speak loosely, without accurate thought.

An amusing example of Preston's passion for exactitude illustrates the constant novelty of living with the man. (I told you he is original!)

Solomon, five this Summer, was born June 25, 1941. However, he arrived much sooner than the due date, August 15th. You guessed it! We celebrate both days as Solomon's birthday!

The "New" Vic Mature

Continued from page 55

Louisville that social standing he had enjoyed in Austria.

There's a curious thing about Vic's family. Marcellus, the father, sent for—one by one—his three brothers. All died young. Vic's sister died before Vic was born. His one brother died when Vic was five. A distinguishing family trait (except in Marcellus) was physical frailty! But the Matures had color, too. An aunt of Vic's relinquished a comfortable life to become a Carmelite nun and teach gentleness to Madagascar savages.

The boy himself? Full of mischief. He got talked into an onion-hunting expedition; some pals wanted to use his pony-cart to haul the booty home. They ruined a fairly large field, sold the trophies up and down the street two dozen for a nickel—and learned that the "onions" were valuable young carnation plants. Vic's father once recalled that then, as in other mischief, the flashing-eyed boy never lied about his participation.

There was plenty of mischief. A fire-bell ringer—"I liked to see the engines come." An occasional window-smasher—"I liked the sound of breaking glass." One prep school principal told him, at the end of two years, "I like you, Vic. You're a fine boy. Will you do me a favor?" "Yes, sir," answered Vic. "What is it?" "Try, next year, to go to another school."

While Vic was at the University of

Louisville, one of those schoolboy, interfraternity feuds developed, and Vic was sent by his crowd to talk peace at the rival fraternity house. The rivals merely sneered. As the unsuccessful delegate went downstairs to leave he noticed something that had caught his attention when he came in. He also noticed that the newel post at the foot of the stairs was topped by a large wooden ball. An old temptation flamed. The capacious Mature hands wrenched the ball from the post and heaved it through a stained glass window. Vic did not wait for the University to expel him, but "stood not on the order of his going."

Once Vic "borrowed" his father's car and was proceeding at a decent rate of speed up one leg of a V street intersection, going toward the point. Suddenly spying his father a block or two past the point, the "borrower" put on speed and tried to make the sharp reverse turn around that point of the V. He went wide, and on the street into which his maneuver carried him were parked nine laundry trucks. After careening off six of them, Vic walked unhurt from the wreck of his father's car. Total cost to Mr. Mature, including damages to the laundry company—\$3400.

That sobered up Vic, or as a colored Mammy in the family put it, "brought him to his ownself." Anyway, despite his proclivity for mischief, he had a saving grace—he *worked*. He ran a candy route into a candy manufacturing

business one Winter; fell flat broke when Summer proved that the formula went gooey in hot Louisville. Borrowed \$1500 to go into restaurant business; lost \$800 the first month; finally came out only \$80 in the hole on operating cost, but still owed the \$1500.

Vic worked himself out of that debt by "jobbing" to retailers somebody else's candy. The minute the debt was paid, he was seized with a desire to go west. He didn't ask his father for backing, and his father didn't offer it. Mr. Mature said: "You're smart. You work hard. But you don't stick at anything."

Small stores around Louisville owed Vic about \$800 and he collected what he could in "trade"—mostly groceries. Then he loaded them into the truck he had used to deliver candy and—Pasadena next. When Vic reached his destination he wired his father: "Arrived Hollywood with 11 cents in my pocket. Love and kisses to Mother."

Mr. Mature replied: "Wire received with interest. Mother sends love. Thirty-eight years ago I arrived New York with 5 cents and couldn't speak English. You have six cents more and speak English."

Thus Vic—then twenty years old—began his three-year Pasadena drama study, sleeping at first in the truck and eating those handy groceries.

Hal Roach gave the indomitable vagrant his first movie job, a mediocre rôle in a not-so-hot picture, "The Housekeeper's Daughter"; then the lead in "1,000,000 B. C.," one of those freak movies where prehistoric monsters romp about. Vic played a prehistoric man who romped about, too, wearing a bit of animal skin for rompers. The lad was in!

Meanwhile, the publicity campaign about the brash, wise-cracking, almost bullying "Beautiful Hunk" was under way. Did Vic need it? Hollywood's still arguing that. In any event, when the war came he hadn't had a really top "production" picture, had been acting in such films as "Captain Caution," "Hot Spot," "Shanghai Gesture," "My Gal Sal" and "Footlight Serenade." Yet he was admittedly one of the screen's important stars.

Vic, like so many Hollywood actors, couldn't long feel comfortable doing sound-stage mimicry after Pearl Harbor. Finishing a picture he was obligated to complete, he enlisted in March, 1942, in the Coast Guard. Americans at that time were so uninformed about their own military establishment that many imagined the Coast Guard's duty in time of war would be to patrol home waters in sight of shore. That strangest of misconceptions, coupled with all the "brash" publicity Vic had had, resulted in jibes at his choice of service, and many a columnist would now blush to read his own files.

All this came to a head the night of Vic's first leave—a one-day leave—in Hollywood. His most recent assignment had been seven round trips to Murmansk. That was the period when the German wolf-pack of submarines—really wolves!—roamed every Atlantic ocean area, and Murmansk, up around the Arctic Circle, constitutes no treat at any time. Of course the fact that we were

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helping Russia, the route through which the goods were being convoyed, the branch of service doing the convoying, were all then top military secrets. Vic couldn't have explained a word about his work, if he'd wanted to, which he didn't.

Having taken a good deal of ragging all day (from civilians—most servicemen having a good idea by then of the Coast Guard's widening range of service) Vic, like any good Hollywoodian on a one-day leave, decided to spend the evening at a Sunset Strip night club. There he patiently accepted such cracks as "Fighting the war in Hollywood, huh?"

But climax blazed while Vic was washing up. His face was full of soap, his eyes shut against it, when he felt a rude shove and heard a voice: "Why don't you take off that phony uniform?" Vic's head came up, he wiped the soap out of his eyes and whirled. There stood a lum-mox in cits, as big as Vic.

Vic flared: "You can insult me as much as you like. My business is not to fight civilians. But you will apologize to this uniform, or I will dunk your head where it belongs, and if you drown, so much the better."

The apology was not forthcoming. Vic, after a short, sharp struggle, accomplished the dunking. Several bystanders intervened to prevent the drowning.

Chief Boatswain's Mate Mature's service in the Coast Guard ranged from those Murmansk voyages to the time when, in a fleet unit commanded by Admiral Mayo, he did his jot of helping land 6,000 reserves in the terrible last ten days of Okinawa. Of the entire experience he says, "Why talk about my military service? Don't you know hundreds of thousands of men died, other hundreds of thousands were wounded or crippled? Don't you know that millions of guys like me saw some fire and were lucky enough to come through? I did what we all did—what we were told."

A fellow coast-guardsmen commented: "The gink was obviously officer material, and it's no secret that more than once he could have gone up for a commission. But he had an intensely democratic feeling about the war. He would say to cronies, 'Gee, think of me being an officer and somebody thinking, "Glamor-boy!" I'll sweat this one out with the other lugs!'"

In 1941 Vic married Mrs. Martha Stephenson Kemp, an eastern socialite divorcee. The marriage went the way of thousands of others where the man of the house had to be away on service, and they were divorced in February, 1943.

Shortly after, Vic had a leave of several weeks, and, in Hollywood, there flamed one of those romances that aren't concocted by publicists. Big Boy went all out for glamorous Rita Hayworth, who had just seen her own marriage, to an older man, go on definitely cruel rocks.

Vic, never halfway in any enthusiasm, spent most of his leave helping Rita straighten out her tangled affairs. He definitely neglected business problems of his own, told a friend, "Nothing else matters. For the first time, I hate to go back to sea."

Near-engagements, as well as marriages, can break up when the man has to ship away. Some months after that turbulent impetuous courtship, Vic, at sea, learned that Rita had married Orson Welles. The Chief Boatswain's Mate trod decks awash, plenty of stormy nights, thinking that over, but has never uttered a word of criticism of Rita—who was later to run into troubles of her own.

Vic came home. Like every returned serviceman that word "home" rode his mind. He was merely an older version of the thousands of boys who wrote Shirley Temple: "You're the kind of girl we want to come home to." So—Vic met, at Twentieth Century-Fox, a girl of anybody's dreams, June Haver.

Almost immediately that old brash "wolf" publicity rose up to smack the returned Coast Guardsman. It had even convinced his own studio, and nobody expected him to come home from battle softened down. An official of Twentieth Century-Fox talked to the radiant, idealistic, nineteen-year-old June. "Great guy, Vic... wonderful war record... real he-man... real (ha-ha) wolf... glamorous... wonderful for the studio... wonderful publicity for him... but for a young girl like you? Well, think it over."

June, like any nice girl deeply interested in a vital man and warned against him, went home and told her mother. Then, contrite and fearing she might have been less than loyal to Vic, she told him. Vic said, "Let's go and see your mother."

The details of Vic's conversation with Mrs. Haver are not on record. But she sensed the same thing to which Marcellus Mature had testified: his son is no liar.

What will become of this post-war romance? It might disintegrate, or ripen to marriage before the present article reaches print. But there is warm appeal in it. Here are—if you can think of "The Hulk" as such a creature—two Cinderellas. Each hit stardom at once. Yet how different have been their lives!

Vic comments earnestly, "It takes a rascal like me to appreciate a nice girl." No need to add, "and cherish her."

You guess the outcome.



Dolores Del Rio, back in her native Mexico, stars in "Portrait Of Maria," an MGM release.

Lazy—Like a Fox

Continued from page 35

Stables, which breed race horses. Last year he sandwiched in a producing job on the picture "The Great John L." He has an interest in an aluminum foundry at Puente, California, also in an Argentine stock ranch, and owns a ranch in Nevada. He and his brothers run the Crosby Research Foundation, which was formed to help unknown inventors get their ideas patented and manufactured. During the war they manufactured defense products, and are now back in commercial production.

If that isn't all of Bing's sidelines, it ought to be. And it's pretty obvious to everybody by now that no man who has even a finger in so many things can be lazy. It's true that most of the business details are managed for him by a competent organization composed of his three brothers, Everett, Larry, and Ted, and his father, and the Crosby office out on Sunset Strip is naturally one of the busiest places in town. But there are always some decisions that only Bing can make. When not on a picture, he drops into the office for about an hour each week to look over papers that await his attention. He disposes of these in nothing flat, never dictating any letters, but making the briefest possible notes on each, and his brothers take it from there.

Bing had planned to make another overseas trip last Summer, as soon as he finished "The Bells of St. Mary's," but had to give it up when Paramount moved up "Blue Skies" on their schedule, starting it in June. Between the finish of "Bells" and the start of "Skies," however, Bing took off on a bond-selling tour and series of golf matches with Bob Hope for the benefit of war charities. One of these matches was described as having all the more popular features of a six-day bike race, the Charge of the Light Brigade, and Dante's Inferno!

Anybody who's ever worked on Bing's pictures will tell you that his secret weapon in accomplishing so much is that he's completely relaxed all the time. This doesn't mean that he's half asleep, as most of us have to be before we can relax. On the contrary, it means that his mind, free from the tensions and confusions that make life so complicated for more nervous citizens, is always streamlined for action. He simply takes things as they come, indulges in no waste motion, either mentally or physically, and makes every minute count.

Any set that Bing is on takes its tempo from him. There's always a lot of good-natured ribbing and a genuine feeling of camaraderie, with no nonsense about varying degrees of importance. Bing creates harmony wherever he goes—in people as well as in sharps and flats. And according to all reports, friction on a Crosby set is as scarce as snow in California. That kind of an atmosphere saves everybody's time and energy.

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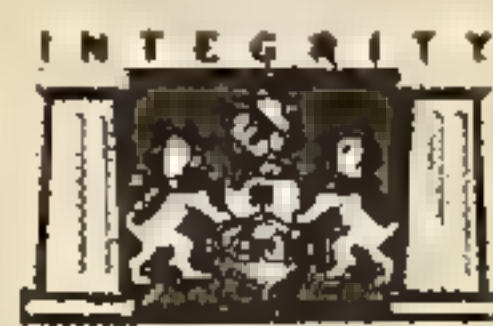


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While "Blue Skies" was in production, Bing and Joan Caulfield and Billy De Wolfe kept up a running gag based on an imaginary stock company they cooked up. They were going to put on (so they said) all the old tear-jerkers, like "Trilby," "The Squaw Man," "East Lynne." Bing was going to be the hero, calling himself Warrick Wyndham; Joan, with the flossy moniker of Cynthia Courtledge, was to be the leading lady; and Billy De Wolfe, under the name of Gregory Wedgecliff, was going to alternate between villains and Falstaffian characters. Conferences always ended up in a hilarious argument over who was to get top billing, and the most that was ever accomplished was to keep the rest of the company in stitches.

It's not very often that Bing bobbles his lines, but when he does he makes the most of it. In one scene for "Blue Skies" he and Joan Caulfield are supposed to be having a little family quarrel over the sale of his night club, called the Top Hat. Bing's line was supposed to be, "Do you mean that if I sell the Top Hat we're all washed up?" But it came out, "Do you mean if I sell the Flat Top. . . ." He stopped just an instant, then went right on: "Hey! Dick Tracy bumped that guy off months ago. What's he doing in this picture?" "Maybe," cracked Director Stuart Heisler, "we could use a good actor like Flat Top who can remember his lines!"

At the same time "Blue Skies" was shooting, Bob Hope was working on the lot in "Monsieur Beaucaire," and the two of them were always bicycling back and forth to each other's sets to exchange insults. All this ribbing that Crosby and Hope have been handing out through the years is good fun to everybody but Bing's four sons. They worship their dad, and some of Hope's gags get under their skin. Lindsay, the youngest boy, takes all this particularly hard. One day when he went to the Lakeside Golf Course with his dad, and Hope joined them, Lindsay threw all the onlookers back on their haunches by suddenly marching up to Hope, planting his feet firmly, and saying in no uncertain terms, "Mr. Hope, I don't like you! You're always making jokes about my father, and I want you to stop. And I don't like your jokes about our horses, either. I just want you to know we love our horses!" Which is probably the only occasion in Bob's life that's ever left him speechless.

Incidentally, for the first time in (or out) of pictures, Bing will have a daughter in "Blue Skies," played by five-year-old Karolyn Grimes, who is one of his greatest fans. One particularly appealing scene has Bing coming into the nursery after the little girl has gone to bed, to sing to her. He sits down at the piano, and Karolyn, wearing a little flowered nightgown, comes over and stands beside him while he sings. Karolyn took a great fancy to the pretty little nightie she wore in the scene, and wished out loud that she had one like it. And now she has—for Bing bought it and gave it to her at the finish of the picture.



Belita, star of Monogram's "Suspense," takes to the sun in a bathing suit featuring colorful morning glory design.

As a rule, Bing doesn't take time to talk to visitors on the set, but that rule is off when visitors are servicemen or servicewomen. In that case, Bing never fails to go over to speak to them. It may be only a short chat, but you can bet it will give the kids something to remember, and he makes them feel welcome. Quite often he poses for pictures with them, takes down their names and addresses, and later sends them prints.

To Bing nothing is ever too much trouble for servicemen, and what he does for them is a story in itself. There's been very little ballyhoo about this, because that's the way Bing wants it, but he's always making short wave broadcasts to the boys overseas, playing benefit golf matches for war charities, or making unannounced visits to camps and hospitals. There isn't one within a radius of 500 miles from Los Angeles that he's missed. Without any advance publicity, he likes to just drop in and surprise the fellows. Jimmy Van Heusen (who, with Johnny Burke, writes so many of Bing's song hits) goes along as his accompanist, but the program is strictly impromptu. Bing will sing anything the boys want, or sit around and gab with them.

All of which will give you a rough idea of why Bing is so scarce on the Hollywood scene outside his work. It takes a master diplomat to dodge people the way he does and still keep everybody happy. When he does go out to public affairs, the autograph hunters try to close in on him, but it's like catching mercury. Bing just smiles,

says, "Sorry—I'm in a hurry," and keeps on going, leaving the kids in seventh heaven for even that much conversation.

One of the crew on "Blue Skies" says of Bing: "The whole thing is, there's no baloney about the guy—no conceit. He's very independent, and likes to do things his own way, and he hates to be made a fuss over. As long as you don't try to push him around, he's all right. But try to high pressure him—and he just disappears. He won't argue about anything—he just bows out and declines to have any more to do with it."

Bing used to say before the war that he had to conserve his energy for his four sons, because they could wear him out quicker than anything else. There's nothing more serious to Bing than his rôle of father, and he devotes a lot of time to his boys—more, it's quite likely, than many less busy fathers. Even with all the extra demands on his time through the war, he found time to take the boys out frequently to baseball games and such. And he always has them spend at least one day on the set with him during each picture. That's an old Crosby custom.

His brother Larry says, "Bing likes to go to bed early so he can get up early to play golf. One night my wife and I went out to his place to dinner, and Bing was afraid we'd stay late. My wife is quite a talker, you know. Bing got me aside before dinner and said, 'Listen, I've got to get some sleep tonight, so don't let her pitch a tent.' He made us go home by nine o'clock."

They tell it on him that when guests come for dinner with Bing and Dixie, if they don't go home by ten o'clock Bing is liable to excuse himself and go to bed. "And do I catch it from Dixie next morning!" says he cheerfully.

But it's by cutting corners like this that he makes time in his crowded life for so many extracurricular kindnesses. The list of helpful things Bing has done, not only for friends but for unknown young people getting started in the entertainment field, would reach from here to Saudi Arabia if it could be completed. But Bing is the only one who knows the full story, and he'll never tell it.

It's characteristic of Bing that he explains his amazing career thus: "I've had a remarkably easy life. I've worked hard, sure, but hard work is good for anybody. I've worked hard fortunately only at things I've liked, so it didn't seem like hard work. And I've had three things in my favor. I've been awfully lucky, I've had some swell friends, and a swell family. If it hadn't been for them, I wouldn't be wherever I am today—I know that."

Unlike some singers who have won the adoration of the more susceptible sex, but only sneers and razzberries from the male contingent, Bing has the respect and affection of everybody—men and women, co-workers and audiences, friends and—well, just friends, period. Because if Bing has an enemy, it would take a Thin Man to find him. The comment you hear on all sides about Bing Crosby is, "He's one swell guy."

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This Is What I Believe

Continued from page 51



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Patri, who said that there was no such thing as a bad boy. But he believed—and I agree with him—that certain environments and conditions might make a good boy bad eventually. I believe that grown-ups have a responsibility for children, and that responsibility is not limited to their parents. It must be shared by their teachers and their communities.

Death. I believe that the spirit of those who have died survives and is still around all those people who knew them intimately. I had a daughter, Katherine, six and a half years old. I loved her deeply. Eleven months ago she died. I believe that her spirit is still here.

I believe that the spirits of all good people survive among those who knew and loved them. I believe that the spirit of the late President Roosevelt is still around and will be around for many years, influencing people not only through his beliefs, which did not die with him, but also because of the kind of person he was. Everybody who knows me knows I was for him, and for everything he believed in, and so it is natural for me to believe that his spirit has survived.

Religion. I was brought up in a very devout family, and I have a very deep respect for people who believe in some orthodox form of religion. I respect people who go to church. I pray, but

I don't go to any special place of worship to pray.

I believe in the manifestation of a divine force in nature, which includes people, as well as the ocean, sky and all the planets.

When tragedy happens, as it happened to me when my daughter died, you begin to doubt even what you believed in; you begin to believe what you doubted. So all my beliefs and all my doubts were shaken to the roots by what happened. I wondered if death had struck at my daughter because I did not have enough faith; because my belief in God as manifested in nature was not the conventional belief of some very pious people. But I realize now that there could have been no connection between the two, because similar tragedies have struck at people who cling to all the traditional rites and rites of a particular faith.

I never found the answer for which I sought. Who has found such an answer? Who can say why a God of mercy on the one hand should on the other hand permit wars and plagues and the torture of innocent people? Through the centuries scholars and philosophers have sought the answer, and some have found an explanation which satisfied them. I am still seeking that explanation in my own mind and heart.

Peace and the post-war world. I believe that Nature is a very compre-



Kim Hunter is the pretty heroine in David Niven's first post-war picture, "A Matter Of Life And Death," which Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger made in England.

hensive word. I start with people, and find Nature in them; then I go on to the ocean and the sky. Certain ideas, too, are a part of nature, such as the secret of the atomic bomb. The practical development of that idea came out of man through the cooperative effort of a group of people. But the entire secret of atomic energy is at the core of the natural world.

I believe that the United States did the right thing when it used the atomic bomb to hasten our victory against the Japs. As I have said, I do not believe in turning the other cheek. I also don't believe in nations turning the other cheek. If we hadn't used the atomic bomb, the Japs might have discovered the secret and used it against us. Let's face it—we cannot fight war or Fascism like gentlemen. We were fighting for unconditional surrender, which meant the complete defeat of the enemy. We had to use the atomic bomb to hasten that defeat and make it complete and devastating.

The world of the future. I believe that we shall never see Utopia on this earth, but we can always strive for it. Once in a while we take good steps in the right direction. Just as a painter can't achieve perfection but strives for it, so we, knowing we can't achieve perfection or Utopia on earth, should nevertheless strive in that direction.

Regardless of the exciting inventions of the future, the nature of people will not change. If the discovery of atomic energy eventually takes work away from many people, then we shall have to find a new way of living.

Perhaps our new inventions will help make our homes more and more attractive. As my wife said one day when she was listening to a talk on the radio about a new range with a special flame, "The so and so's! Listen to them talk. A new range—television—why, I think that all the inventors in the world are in league to invent things to keep women in the home!"

Education. I believe in progressive education. I was brought up in a school in a poor neighborhood, where we were taught not only academic subjects but also a trade. A good idea, I think. I believe in leaving a schoolboy alone to a large extent so he can develop along the lines in which he's most interested. Some people have condemned the progressive schools because a few of the products of those schools were obnoxious individuals, who, they thought, lacked discipline because they'd gone to schools of that nature. Personally, I think it ridiculous to condemn a whole system of education because a few of its products turned out badly. No system of education carries a guarantee with it. Whether or not a particular progressive school does a good job depends upon its staff and their point of view. The idea of progressive education, like any other idea, can be misused badly by people who don't know what they're doing, but I think the basic idea is sound.

Success and failure. If there is a formula for success, I don't know what it is. Life isn't lived according to formula, although movies are sometimes

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made that way. I believe that failures are more instructive in the long view than successes. We learn more from failures. Four years ago I appeared in a play called "Heavenly Express." It was a flop. I learned that I wasn't so hot as an actor, a good thing for a man who is making a good deal of money to learn. It brings you down to earth. A failure can help you, if you try to figure out why you failed, and how you can improve.

I know a lot of people who are successful in their careers and are failures at life. If I had to choose between them, I would rather be a failure in my career.

Regardless of whether you succeed or fail, you generally achieve some measure of happiness by striving for what you want.

Just what success consists of depends largely upon your own individual attitude toward it. For some people success means a lot of money, a house, a car, a wife, a swimming pool. For me it means doing the things you want to do when you want to do them—achieving a measure of independence.

I have lately found a new and absorbing interest for myself—maybe I shouldn't confess this. I'm supposed to be such a tough guy on the screen, but I've taken to painting in oil! A long time ago I used to do water colors. Then I gave it up. About eleven months ago I started painting in oil. I'd sit in my room and paint Washington Square from memory, a snow scene, also from memory, and the head of a child from a baby photograph. Maybe I turned to painting at first as an escape, but now it has become an absorbing hobby and there is nothing I would rather do in the evenings when I come home from the studio.

Love and marriage. I've been married twelve years. Naturally, I feel marriage is a good thing for most people. Many people have a bad impression of Hollywood. They never read of the families that are happily married. Those don't make news. Divorces do make news, especially when prominent people are involved, and so the newspapers are filled with those stories.

I believe in love at first sight. I

know it is possible, for it happened to me. My wife and I lived in the same neighborhood. I fell in love with her the moment I laid eyes on her, but we knew each other for four years before we married. I think regardless of whether two people fall in love at first sight or not, it is always better to know each other well before you marry.

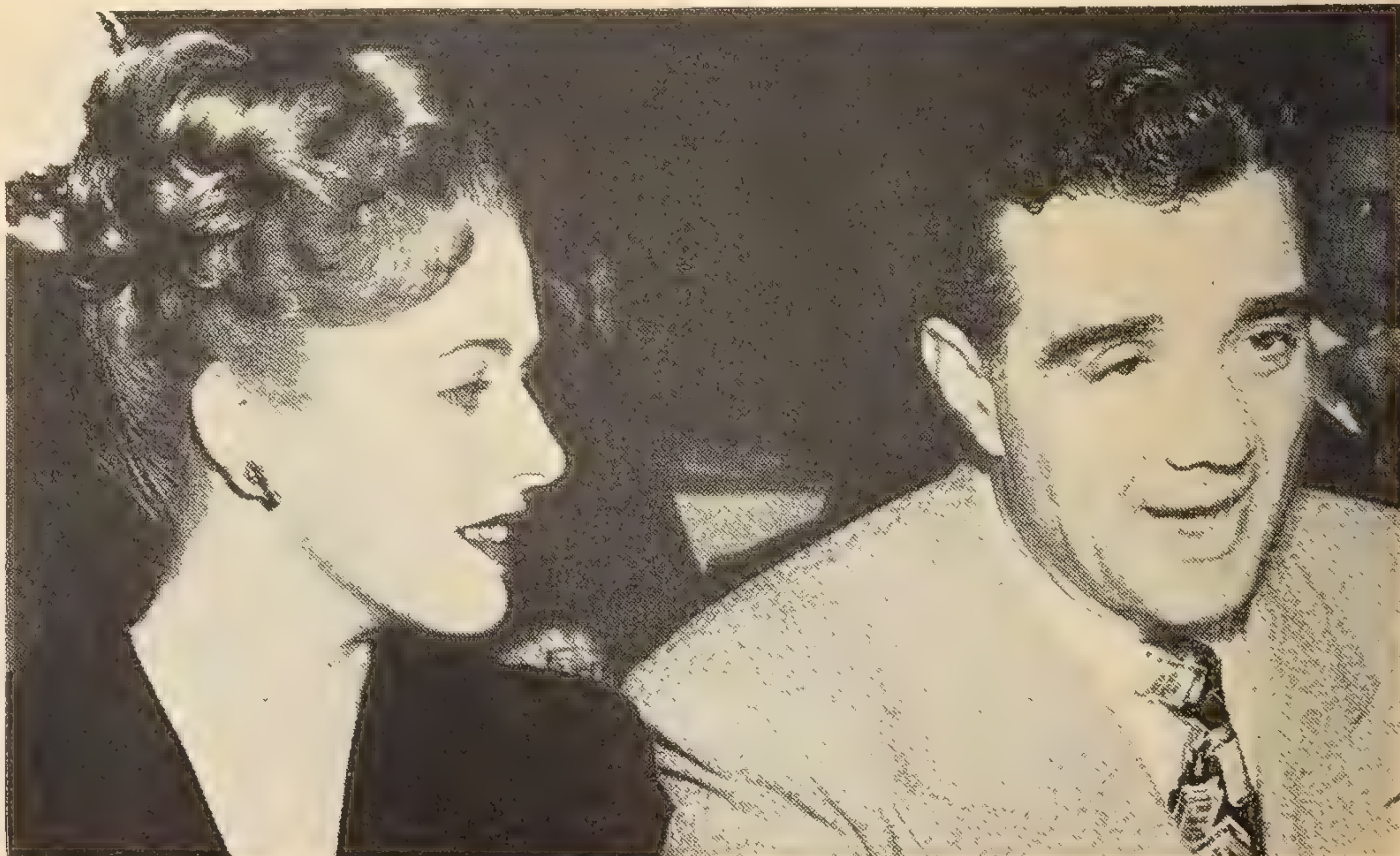
Children. We have a boy, David, and a baby girl, just two months old. I hope to send my children to public schools that are progressive. Personally, I prefer public schools to private schools.

Like every other parent, I have been aghast at the mounting tide of juvenile delinquency in this country. I feel that environment is the heart and core of the problem, for I know that I myself grew up in a dingy, dirty, unsavory neighborhood, and might have become a juvenile delinquent myself if the helpful hand of Angelo Patri hadn't been extended toward me. I was a self-centered boy, interested only in my own rights, till Angelo Patri taught me that other people had their rights, too. It was he who taught me why it was wrong to jump on flowers which had been carefully cultivated in front of the schoolhouse, and that living things had a right to breathe.

Juvenile delinquency today has many causes—bad education, the stupidity of some parents who teach their children racial prejudices, the lack of an absorbing interest in the lives of many youngsters. I believe that children should be taught more than just academic subjects, for instance, sculpture, music, boxing and painting. If a boy has a constructive interest, his energies will be devoted to it, and not to malicious destruction.

Happiness. Happiness is a word you can find in the dictionary. No, I'm not trying to say that the dictionary is the only place you can find happiness. But I do believe that there is no recipe for happiness. Just wherein you find your happiness depends upon your particular temperament.

I don't think you can advise anyone about happiness unless you're well acquainted with his particular problem. For me happiness means doing what you want to do when you want to do



Eleanor Parker and Bert Friedlob, who were secretly wed January 8, dine at Mocambo.

it. Gosh, that's the same definition I gave for success! I suppose the answer is that happiness and achieving success in living go hand in hand.

The things I like to do are making interesting movies, going fishing, playing tennis, listening to good music and boogie-woogie, going on camping trips, and painting.

Friendship. If you want friends, I believe you should be yourself. I also believe that you have to be able to be a friend. Friendship is like a reciprocal trade agreement. It works two ways. To make friends, you have to have within yourself the capacity to be a true friend.

There is one man in town whom I don't see frequently, but whenever something has gone wrong he calls me up and asks, "Can I help you?" Usually there's nothing anyone can do, but just knowing that he's there, always ready to pitch for me, means more than practical help. That man is a true friend.

Sometimes it's difficult for a guy like me, absorbed in his work, to keep friends. I make a lot of mistakes, take a lot of things for granted. Sometimes I become so interested in a part I forget to telephone people I know and like. Some of them say, "We understand. Julie (my real name) is just tied up in knots." Others say, "He's a squarehead. He's gone highhat." Yes, like almost everyone in Hollywood, I've sometimes been accused of being highhat. I don't think I am, but I sometimes have been pretty thoughtless in failing to keep in touch with people, just because my mind was wrapped up in a rôle or in a painting I was doing.

Acting. If you want to be a good actor, you have to be a good listener. You must learn to observe what people are like, and you should listen to them. It's a wonderful rule—one I don't always follow because I get so excited in arguing my own point of view. But I know that one learns more by listening than by talking. I'm sure it's a good rule not only for professional actors, but for everyone. Train yourself to listen.

To sum up my beliefs, I believe that both children and adults are basically good, but can be made bad by evil environments; I believe that the spirit of those who have passed away survives. I believe that you should treat people and nations the way you expect them to treat you. If someone is kind, I think you should be kind to him; if he plans to take advantage of you and outwit you, I think you should guard yourself against him.

Naturally, everyone doesn't get everything he wants; but I believe that man makes his own destiny in most respects. You choose your own goal, your own way of playing the game; and if you don't succeed in achieving what you want, you can get immense satisfaction out of striving for it.

I believe that no individual or nation ever achieves Utopia on earth, but that every individual and every nation can take steps in the right direction; and that the growth of every individual and every system of democracy depends on trying to take those steps.

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This Is So Sudden!

Continued from page 40

been telling me for the longest time about the wonderful Nearneys, but it was a whole year before I finally met them," Mona explained. "First I had a few dates with Pat's brother, John, and we had lots of fun. Pat was in the Navy then and I met him a couple of times. I thought he was cute, but that's all. Then, when he got out of the service, he called me for a date. In the next couple of months we had some more dates but I went out with other boys, too, and he went out with other girls. Then one day we drove down to the beach and parked the car so we could look out over the ocean. All of a sudden he said, 'Let's get married!' I just laughed—thought he was kidding and kidded back by saying, 'All right!' It really didn't make any sense because we'd just finished a long, serious discussion about how we were both going to wait three years before we got married to anybody and I'd just told him I hoped he'd find a nice girl and he'd said he hoped I'd find a nice fellow!"

Mona's mother laughed, too, when she heard the let's-get-married routine. As a matter of fact, they both joked a lot about it while Mona was dressing for a party Pat was taking her to that night. But when he arrived, crisp and immaculate in dinner-jacket, and greeted Mona (in her diaphanous white that swept the floor), Mrs. Freeman capped the climax by remarking innocently, "Why, you look like a bride and groom on a wedding-cake!" Mona's sure that's what did the trick.

"On the way to the party, Pat said, 'Let's get married' again and I said, 'All right' as usual, but this time it had more meaning. I wasn't joking and neither was he," Mona went on. "He said, 'Let's drive to Las Vegas right now.' It seemed like a wonderful idea, so off we started, then and there."

They didn't get far, though, because in the splendor of the moment, Pat turned the wrong corner and they ended up on a dead-end street. It seemed symbolic for, as Mona explained it: "While we were turning around, we both knew all of a sudden we didn't want to do it that way." Her big, blue eyes were serious. "I wanted my mother to be there when I got married. The wedding could be the simplest, most unpretentious kind any two people ever had, but I wanted my mother and that was that. And Pat wanted his family, too. They are all very close to one another and deeply devoted. To have run off that way would have hurt them terribly. So we whisked the car around and drove out to Beverly Hills as fast as we could to tell them about it."

There's no stuffed-shirt dignity between the Nearneys and their children. All three—Pat, Anne, John, call their mother and father by their first names and regard them fondly as play-mates and companions of their own age and generation. So, on this momentous occasion, Ruthie (that's Mrs. Nearney)

and Anne (she's Mrs. Irvine) were sitting on the front porch enjoying the late Summer night. They took the great news in stride, as something they'd rather expected and which pleased them to the depths of their romance-loving hearts. By the time Mona and Pat went into the house to deliver the good tidings to his father, Ruthie and Anne had their heads together delightfully planning the wedding.

"Pat's father was having a nap in the den," Mona said, "so we just stood beside him hand in hand and announced, 'We're going to get married.' He kind of grunted, 'Oh, I've heard that before,' and went on snoozing. So we said again, 'We're going to get married.' He opened one eye and mumbled, 'I've heard that before.' But the third time we said, 'We're going to get married,' he opened both eyes and whooped, 'Well—if that's the way it is, break out the champagne!' and we knew he finally believed us."

From then on, everything was in a whizzing turmoil. Mona and Pat had just wanted to get married as soon as possible; the simplest ceremony would do as long as their families were there with them. But Mrs. Nearney said no, it must be done properly and in style—veil, wedding dress, church and reception.

"Ruthie accomplished in that short week a job that would have taken anybody else three months to do," Mona told me admiringly. "You see, she's not only a wonderful organizer, but she's lived in Beverly Hills more than twenty years. She knows everybody and just where to go to find things. When she went to the caterer and gave him the rush-order for the cake, believe me the cake was delivered on time! It was the same with the florist, the market—everything."

The problem of the wedding-gown was solved most sensibly by Anne, who had been exactly Mona's size when she was married three years ago. "Look," she reasoned, "there's no sense in your buying an elaborate wedding-dress in such a rush. You'll wear it just this once and it's silly to spend all that money. Here, you wear mine." So Mona did and looked divine.

Meantime Pat was off to make arrangements with Father Con Cannon of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills for the ceremony and Diana Lynn was hastily gathering the clan together for a shower for Mona. Ruthie was on the telephone inviting two hundred friends for the reception and Anne, with her third baby practically on the doorstep, was trying for obvious reasons to keep calm in the midst of the excitement.

"It was all so hectic that I'm surprised Anne got through it safely," Mona giggled. "As a matter of fact, at the ceremony she and the wife of Pat's best man sat in the very back of the church with a car outside, motor running, ready to rush them both off



Wedding reception after John (The Duke) Wayne's marriage to Esperancia Bauer. Above, Vera Hruba Ralston and Mr. Herbert Yates, head of Republic Pictures, offer their best wishes. At right, a snatch shot of the newlyweds at the Rolling Hills Country Club.



to the hospital in case the two storks got there before we'd finished our 'I do's!'"

Then there was the ring to be bought. Mona didn't want an engagement ring and she also didn't want one of those dainty, narrow platinum wedding bands. What she earnestly wanted was a broad, businesslike gold one that told the world plainly that this marriage was for keeps. And that's what she got—wide, smart and studded with diamonds that make it wedding and engagement ring in one.

The shower Diana gave for Mona was another glowing spot in that bright, happy, hectic week. "I got such lovely things! Enough gorgeous lingerie to last the rest of my life, it seems! There was everything—slips, panties, nightgowns, bed-jackets. And a beautiful white-satin negligee and gown, very bride-y, that was for my wedding-night."

However, it was the sturdy, cozy blue flannel housecoat given her most sensibly by her mother that Mona really wore on the honeymoon in the chilly night air of the mountains at Arrowhead! She and Pat stayed there three days, then went to Palm Springs for four more days to bake out a persistent cold that Mona didn't seem able to shake off.

"Finding a place to live has been a problem," Mona went on. "We stayed at the Town House for a few days when we first came back, but that's so expensive we felt we couldn't afford to live there any longer. So we went to another hotel for a little while, but neither of us cares for hotel life much. So when Ruthie said, 'See here, children, we've got a great big barn of a house with more space than we can possibly use—come live with us in John's

room!' we were perfectly delighted."

But then John came home after his discharge from the Air Corps and the wandering honeymooners had to move again. Now they're with Mona's mother in her apartment and happy as clams. Mona helps with the house work—which she hates!—while she dreams of the house of her own she'll have some day.

"We don't go out much at any time—and not at all when I'm working," Mona said. "We just like to be together in the evening talking and planning. Pat's gained eight pounds in the three months we've been married, so I guess it agrees with him! You see, I don't drink, so there's no reason for him to—and I have to keep regular hours, so he does, too!"

Everyone except Mona thinks Pat a very handsome young man. She thinks he's wonderful. And loves the red hair that's like his father's. For years Pat's been getting unsolicited movie offers that would make any earnest screen-aspirant green with envy. He got another when he visited Mona on the set of "Black Beauty," the picture she is making now that is to be released through Twentieth Century-Fox. Joe Pasternak at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer waves a perennial contract, too, at the personable Pat every time they meet.

But young Mr. N. has a splendid job in his father's Ford agency and feels that the future is big and bright in the automobile industry. So when the boss says briskly, "Either work for me or be a movie actor—but don't split up your time between us!" Pat listens wisely.

"Of course I wouldn't take any sort of definite stand if Pat did decide to accept any of these offers," Mona confided seriously, "but I'd really prefer

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he didn't. Great things are going to happen in Pat's business soon and I believe that in ten years he will be on a more solid foundation there than he would be in the same length of time as an actor."

That girl's got a head on her shoulders and Paramount loves her for that and because she's so pretty, too. So far she hasn't cost them a cent. Since signing her to a contract in 1943 for the rôle of Barbara Stanwyck's step-daughter in "Double Indemnity," they've loaned her out consistently to other studios. Incidentally, she was in the "Double Indemnity" part all of forty-eight hours. Then she was taken out because the rushes showed that she photographed like a child of twelve.

Later, she missed on Metro's "National Velvet"—looked too young to play Elizabeth Taylor's older sister. She scored, however, in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Junior Miss" and in Columbia's "Together Again" and later in a small part at the very end of "Our Hearts Were Growing Up," the only picture she's made so far for her own studio.

"Pat's so understanding about my long working hours—" (How that girl loves that man!) "I'm in practically every scene of 'Black Beauty' and haven't had a day off since the picture started. When he visited the set the other day, he saw I was tired and that this sore throat I've been battling for two weeks was making me pretty miserable. So he said he had to go out for a little while to get a hair-cut—and came back with a great big box

in his arms. In it was the cutest peasant blouse and skirt—a present to make me feel better!"

The other evening when they were getting ready to go to one of their rare formal parties, Mona was really too wretched to make the attempt. She thought her hair didn't behave right; she was unhappy about her dress. Pat watched worriedly — then brought a jeweler's box from a secret hiding place. This time the present to make her feel better was a pair of gold and diamond earrings to match the wedding-ring. How could a girl help loving a man like that?

"Pat's so clever and funny—but he's never *mean* funny!" (There she goes again!) "He tells the most marvelous jokes—acts them all out and everyone simply hangs on his words. He's got that wonderful Irish sense of humor just like his father. Neither one of them would hurt anyone's feelings for the world!"

As soon as they can find the lot that's just right—possibly in Brentwood—Mona and Pat want to build a Connecticut farmhouse, small, compact, charming. "Just two bedrooms, a big living-room—and a den for Pat, of course!"

Then, the minute young Mr. and Mrs. Nearney have the house to put them in, they want a lot of babies—two, three, four. "And if the first one doesn't have red hair like Pat's, I'm going to send it back!" vows Mona with vigor.

I'll bet she won't.

"Marked" Man

Continued from page 33

"Sweeney Todd," it was inevitable that he should rise to more ecstatic heights in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." The company folded. Mark didn't. Love of acting has been coursing madly through his veins ever since.

There are two schools of thought on Mark Stevens. Since his advent in Hollywood, June 21, 1943, to be exact, he has caused no end of speculation. At Warner Bros., where he was first under contract as Steve Richards, they either loved him or loathed him. Possessed of smouldering ambition, he made no effort to disguise his contempt for the unimportance of his position. In "Pride Of The Marines," he had four lines and sensational billing. He walked through a scene in "Doughgirls," and didn't have a line to speak. He was the English voice over the loudspeaker in "Between Two Worlds." Footsteps and screams in a couple of budget beauties.

Finally, in "Objective Burma," his rôle of the pilot was more encouraging. Things were running smoothly, a rarity in the life of Stevens. One morning the company left for location. Mark climbed into the car with Errol Flynn, William Prince, and the other principals. It just so happened that on this day seating space was limited. A simple ex-

planation on the part of the assistant director would have tactfully saved the situation. Instead, he poked his head in and, before everyone, shouted: "Out you go, Stevens! You're riding with the extras."

Mark saw red and turned white. Slowly, deeply humiliated, he got out of the car and started walking. He walked right out of the studio! He was already established in the picture. The Errol Flynn company had to wait until he agreed to return and face the camera. The studio failed to renew his option.

"It wasn't that I objected to riding with the extras," Steve explains. "I have never thought myself better than anyone else. But I have always thought I was just as good. I've worked hard since I was sixteen, done the most menial labor. But I've never found any excuse for rude people who try to push around the so-called 'little' people."

"Hollywood was a new experience to me. I was brought up in Canada, lived in England, New York, and cities all over the country. I tried my hand at everything, trying to find a place for myself. In any job, all I asked was a chance to prove or disprove my ability. When I signed my contract, I thought they needed me, and had a place for me. I didn't know then that

sometimes the wait is long, that it takes years before you even meet the people you work for.

"I realize now that I was sometimes too impatient, spoke out of turn, and created the wrong impression. I was eager to make good. My mother back in Canada had encouraged me every step of the way. I wanted to prove that she was right. Ofttimes, because I wanted so badly to be a success, I'd go out of my way to pretend I didn't care at all. In Hollywood, where you're constantly surrounded by successful people, you need all the confidence and friendship that you can get. Frankly, most of the time I was just plain scared!"

In direct opposition to his antagonists, there were the more understanding ones who appreciated what Mark was going through. Because they suffered similar experiences, Faye Emerson, Dennis Morgan and Dane Clark encouraged him at every turn. There were others, too, including this writer, who has believed in Mark since the first day he walked into our office. Deeply sensitive, emotionally unequipped to cope with the loneliness of a strange town, Mark responded with touching gratitude. He's still a pushover for anyone who is kind to him. He's relentless in remembering the others.

Paradoxically, his inner conflict and restless seeking are the very qualities that make Mark the unusual actor he is today. In appearance, he is six feet tall; his nervous energy keeps him thin. He has the eyes of a dreamer, a strange amber color that almost matches his curly hair. For years he sneaked in the back doors of beauty parlors to have it straightened. In Mark's opinion, curly hair made him look soft, the last thing he was or wanted to be.

Quite in contrast to his idyllic exterior, he is basically strong. His voice is deep, authoritative, and very pleasant. He has a positive attitude that sometimes rates him a reputation for being aloof.

The way he finally got into pictures is typical of Mark Stevens' life. He's crowded a lot into his twenty-six years of living. His advantages have been numerous, but nothing has come easy.

"My family was comfortable, and yet I was a lonely kid," Mark remembers. "I used to get an allowance, so I'd always treat the other kids in the neighborhood. 'Gee, you're lucky,' they'd say to me. That's how I got the nickname of 'Lucky.' My mother was quite young. Today, she is still as beautiful. When I was a few months old, my parents divorced. I was taken to England, where my mother and I lived for three years with her father and mother.

"We returned to Cleveland after my grandparents passed away. After a year we moved to Montreal to be near my aunt. Twelve years later I had a new step-father, James Cooke, now vice-president, secretary-treasurer, and principal stockholder of the Montreal Railway and Engineering Supply Co. I was pretty frail, so my mother spoiled me. I adored her, so I kept things to myself because I never wanted to worry her. Being an only child, I grew up pretty much within myself. Private tutors served as my only release from things that used to well up inside of me.

"At sixteen, I began searching for something to hold my interest. In one year, I sold neckties, punchboards, paints. I was a bill collector, apprentice artist, a sign painter, worked in a locomotive parts factory, in a backwoods store for a catering company, and dozens of other jobs. I was never fired



Brian Donlevy explains the rigging of a model schooner to his daughter, Judith Ann. He plays next in "The Trouble with Women," with Ray Milland and Teresa Wright.

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for inefficiency, but I just couldn't stand the monotony and the lack of imagination.

"Eventually, I got myself a job as a radio actor in 'Miss Trent's Children.' It was short lived, and there weren't any more jobs left for me in Canada. I decided to try my luck in the theatrical world of New York. Finally, my money gave out. I couldn't even get a job as a bus boy. One day in a restaurant I saw a ten cent tip lying on the table. I swiped it and bought myself a cup of coffee. After two nights on a Central Park bench, I wired my step-father for money to come home.

"He read me the riot act about actors, then put me to work as a file clerk in his plant. I stood it for six months, and walked out. I was on my way to Hollywood when I was seriously stricken with ptomaine poisoning. Embarrassed, humiliated, and disappointed, I was forced to allow my step-father to bring me home again. From then on, I knew I must make good on my own. I lived here, there, everywhere. Usually I was broke. In Akron, Ohio, I dressed win-

dows for a department store. From selling Schick razors in the cosmetic department, I graduated to floor-walker, white carnation in the buttonhole and all.

"Through a friend, I auditioned for station WAKR, got a job announcing twelve hours a day. This was my real start in radio. For two years in Akron, I wrote, acted, and directed the psychological radio drama, 'Was I Right?' for the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. over station WAKR. Hollywood was still in the back of my mind. Finally I decided to try my luck.

"The hostess at my first Hollywood party lived in a house right next to the Twentieth Century-Fox studio. I went to the edge of the yard, stood looking at the huge sets silhouetted against the sky. 'I wonder what that place looks like inside,' I said to the hostess. 'I know an agency that can show you,' she answered me quietly. That's how I happened to sign with the Goldstone Brothers, Nat, Charlie, and their assistant, Herb Tobias. It was the beginning of a friendship and a business association that has never ceased to pay off."

At Universal, they told Mark to go back home before it was too late. A month later he signed at Warner Bros. Practically his first job on that lot was assisting in a test for Annelle Hayes. Mark was frankly disinterested in acting with someone inexperienced and unknown. How could he learn? When the test was over, the beautiful Texas girl had no transportation to Hollywood. It was late, a taxi was out of the question. Mark drove Annelle back to the Studio Club. They started going together. One night they were at Ocean Park riding on the roller coaster.

"Will you marry me?" Mark shouted over the roar of screeching wheels.

"I can't hear you," Annelle shouted back at him.

Later on they were high up over the city in the ferris wheel. Their love for each other lurked lazily in their eyes.

"What was it you were saying to me

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on the roller coaster?" Annelle asked wistfully. They were married the following week.

At the expiration of his Warner contract, the faithful Goldstone Agency took Mark to a big studio. There he was brushed off beautifully. Casting directors said he wasn't leading man material. At Twentieth Century-Fox they were sufficiently interested to test him. Mark was signed, eventually put into the lead of the unpretentious "Within These Walls." Otto Preminger saw it, recognized the quality in Mark's acting, and tested him for "Fallen Angel." Alice Faye saw the test and was equally enthusiastic. Mark was all set. Then at the very last minute, a change in draft status freed Dana Andrews to play the part.

It was Otto Preminger who recommended Mark to Joan Fontaine and director John Berry. Twenty-seven various girls from the RKO lot were shown tests of the competing actors. Finally, it narrowed down to two favorites. Mark received twenty-four votes out of twenty-seven. Darryl Zanuck at Twentieth Century-Fox okayed the loanout, renamed him Mark Stevens after *Mark McPherson*, a favorite screen character, played by Dana Andrews in "Laura." And so a career was finally born.

One week after he finished "From This Day Forward," Mark was rushed into "The Dark Corner." Originally, Fred MacMurray (who earns over \$100,000 per picture) was scheduled for the rôle. Fred decided to leave Twentieth Century. In preference to everyone on their contract list, Mr. Zanuck decided that Mark was most capable of filling the part. The day Louella Parsons printed the announcement, Mark cut it out and sent it, air-mail, special delivery, to his step-father in Canada. The enthusiastic reply erased the last remaining barrier.

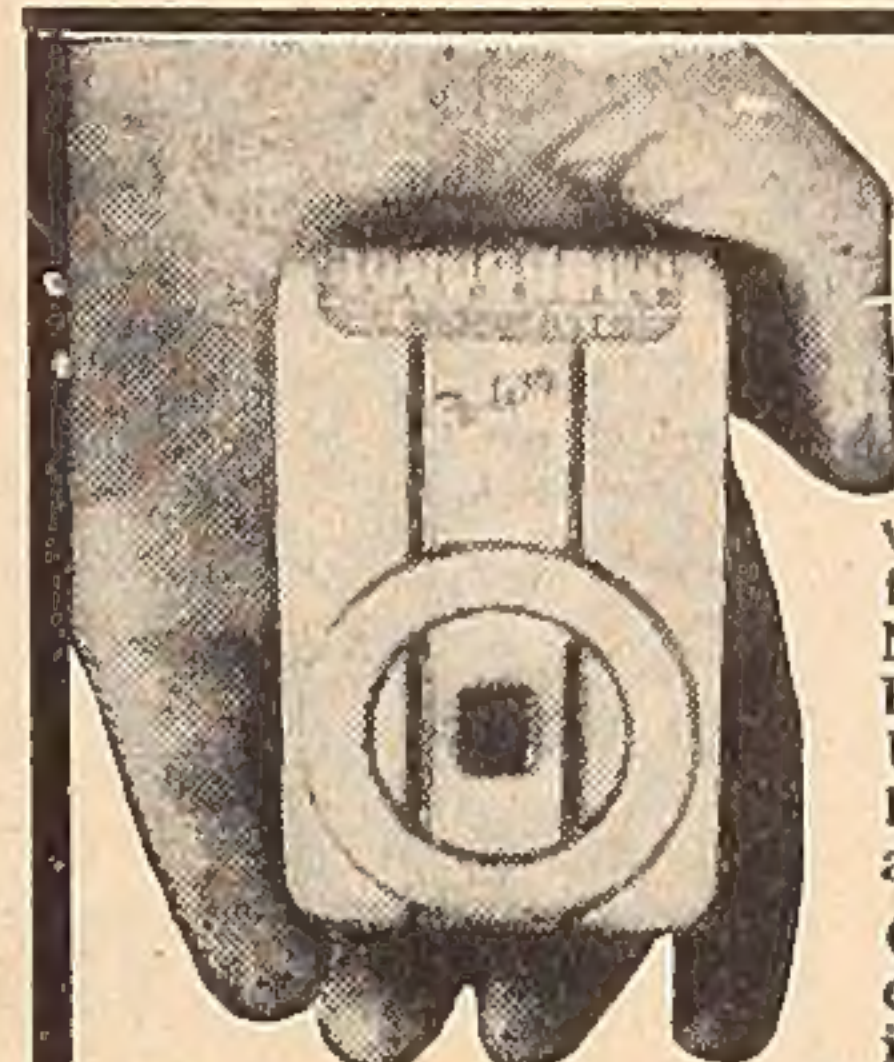
Until the housing shortage is eliminated, Mark and Annelle are contenting themselves with their tiny furnished (and much too expensive) apartment, high in the Beverly Hills above Pickfair. They've hired Alice Faye's brother, Bill, as business manager. He tells them how much they can spend, and sees to it that they save. Mark's salary is still in the lower brackets, but there's bound to be a readjustment. In her spare time, Annelle is modeling for the celebrated Paul Clemens, who considers her face one of the loveliest he's ever painted.

Mark is interested in painting, too. Right now, it's a hobby, but he intends to study seriously, as soon as he can afford to take lessons. They love to go to the movies. At least once a week they have an early dinner in Hollywood, and take in two double features. Both like swimming. Mark also loves golf, tennis and boxing. Once upon a time there used to be panic amongst their neighbors when all the pet dogs would disappear. Now they know the Stevens have taken them riding. "From this day forward" (plug) our handsome hero has seen his last "dark corner" (plug). He's a marked man, is Mark, and for our green stuff, an unusually deserving one.

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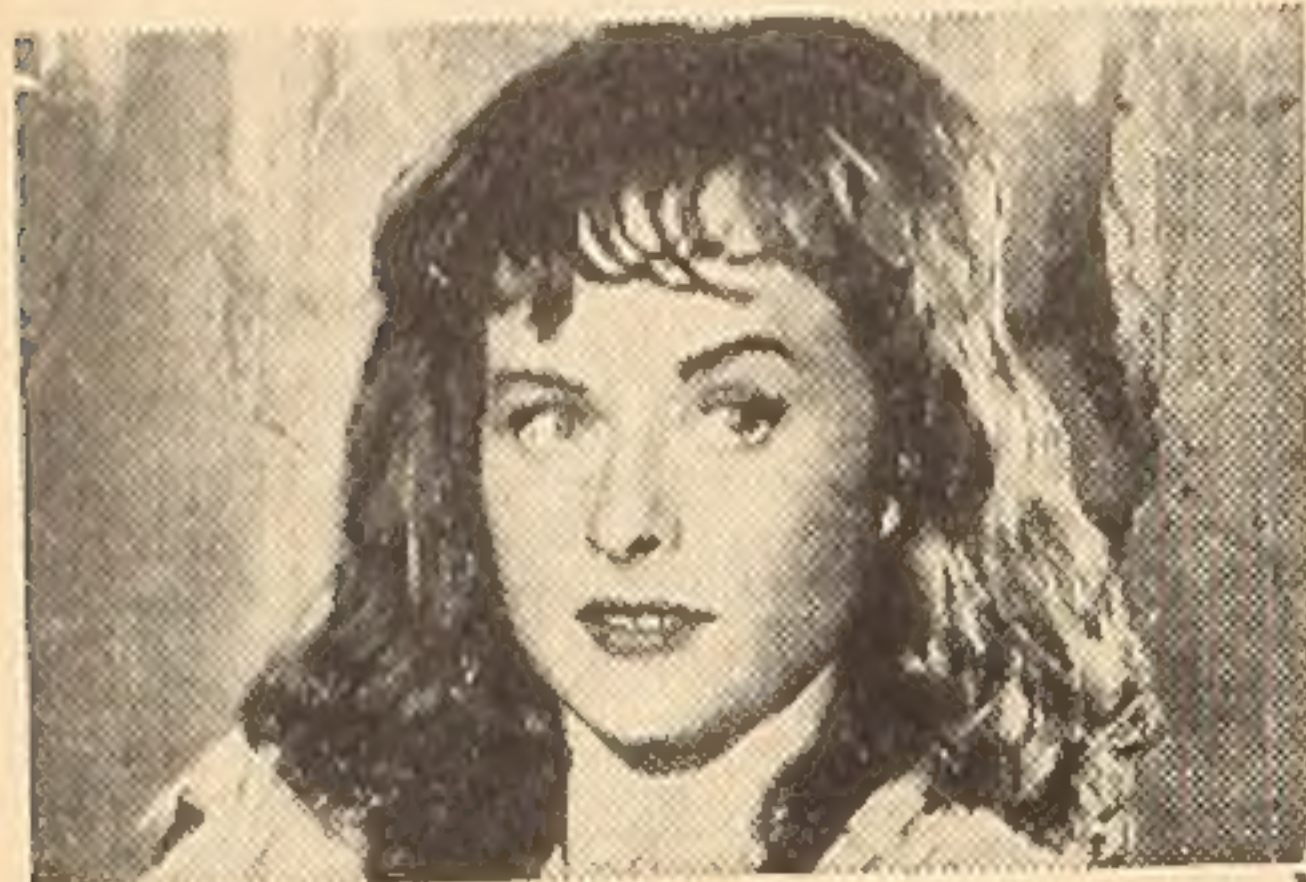
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